

SUMMER ISSUE

No. 4



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PLASTIC MAN

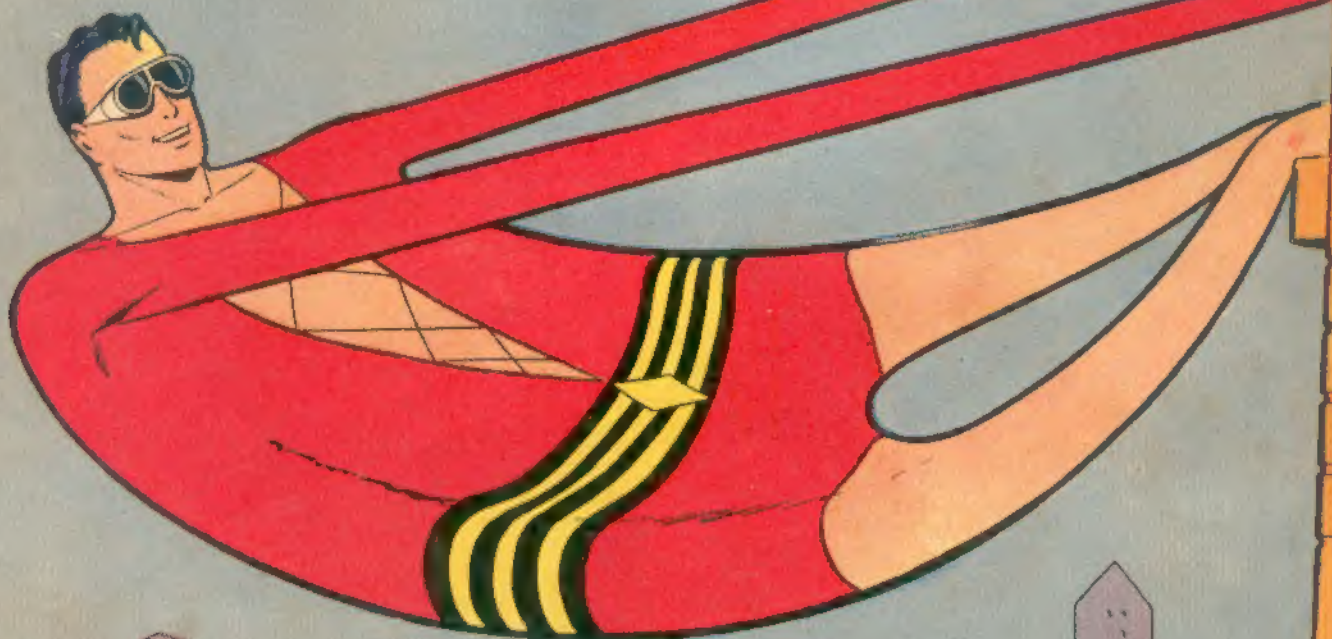
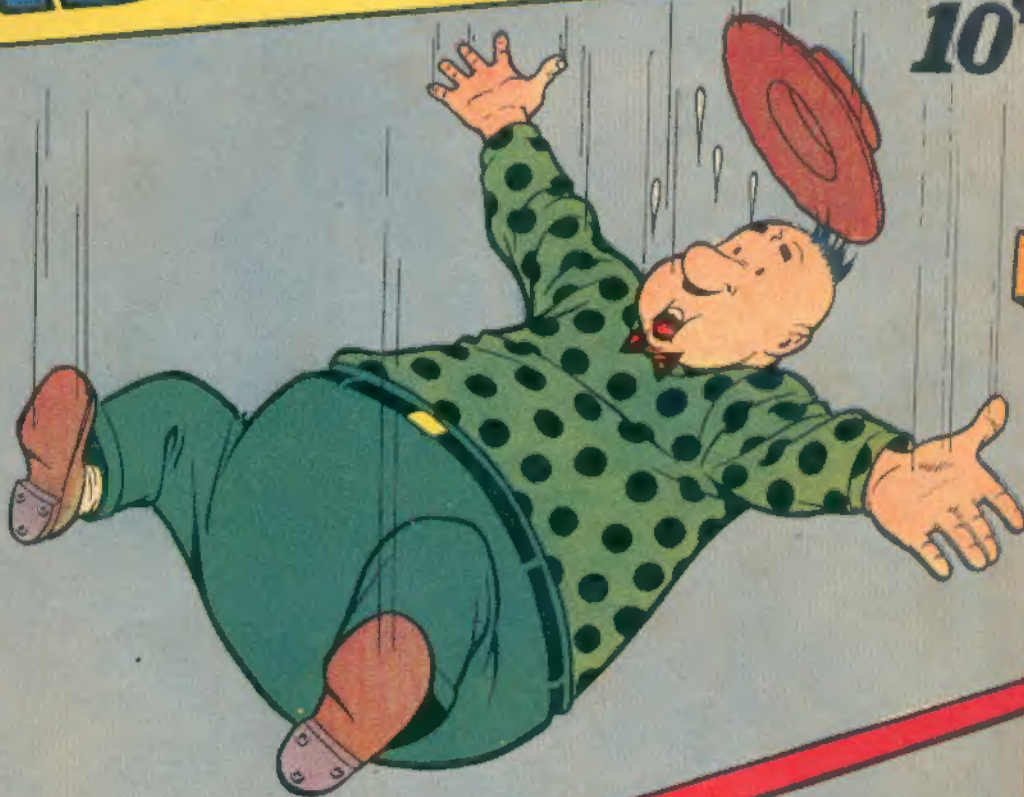
10¢

LAUGHS
GALORE

with

**PLASTIC
MAN**

and his pal
WOOLZY!

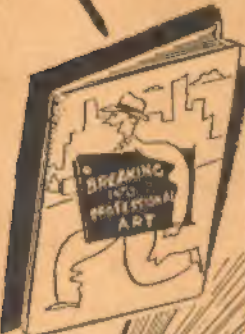
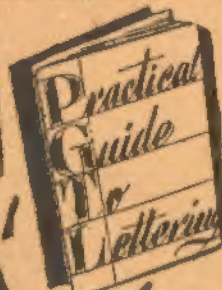
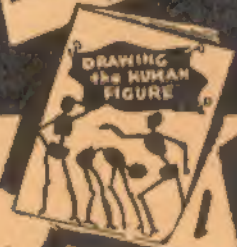




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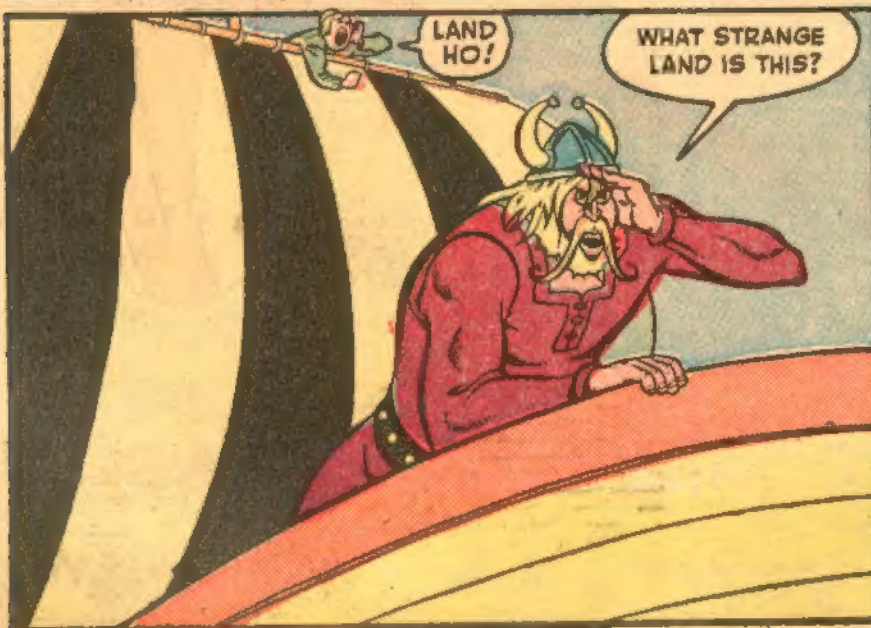
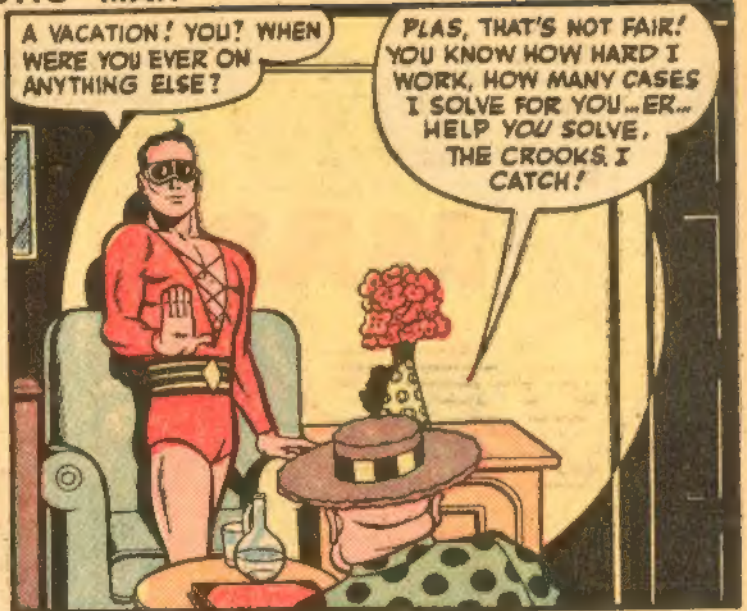
PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

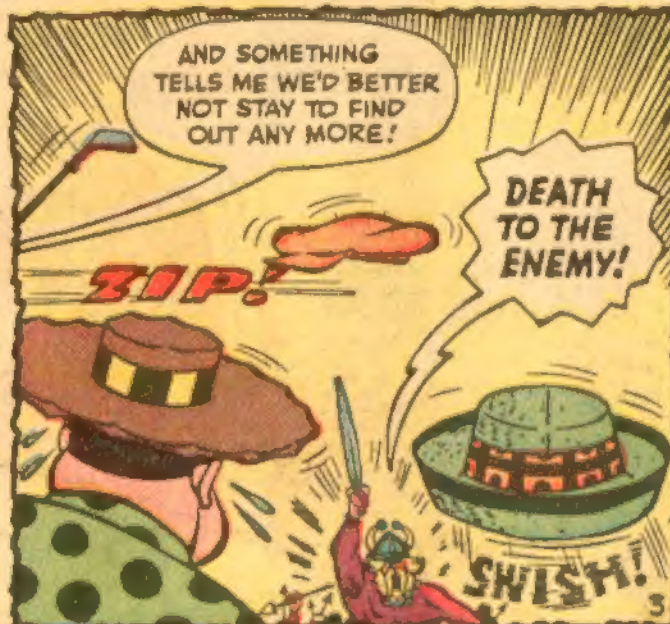
SEEMINGLY out of nowhere came **THE PURPLE VIKING**, a fair-haired, muscular destroyer whose breed was believed to have vanished a thousand years ago.... a predatory giant out of the dead past against the modern world's **PLASTIC MAN** in a desperate battle with no holds barred!



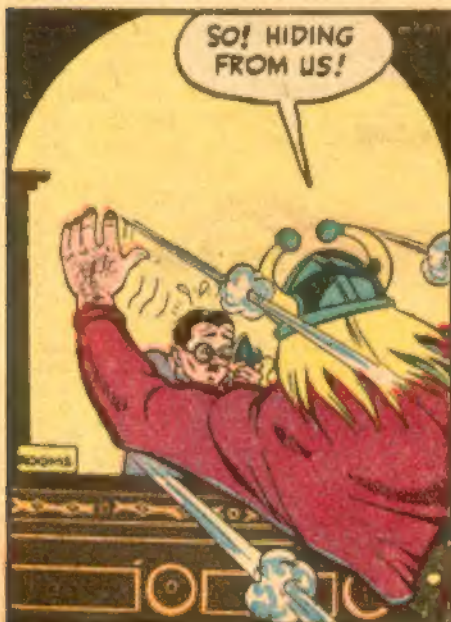
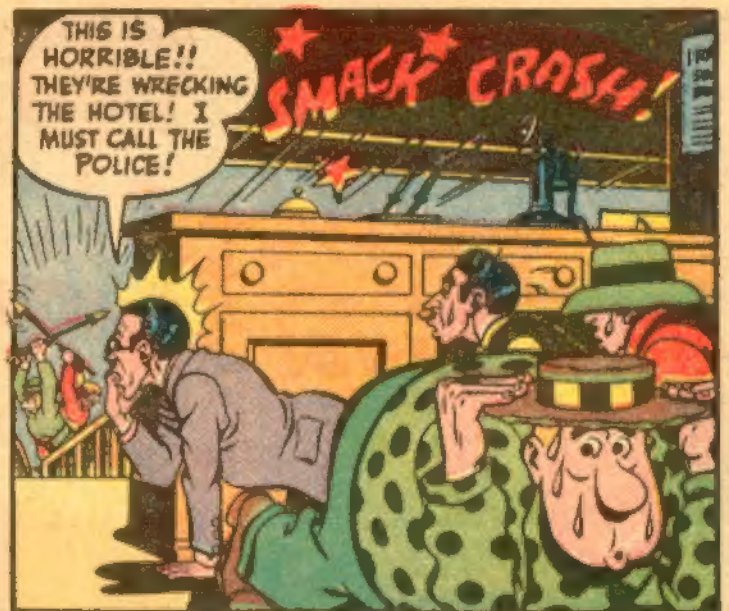
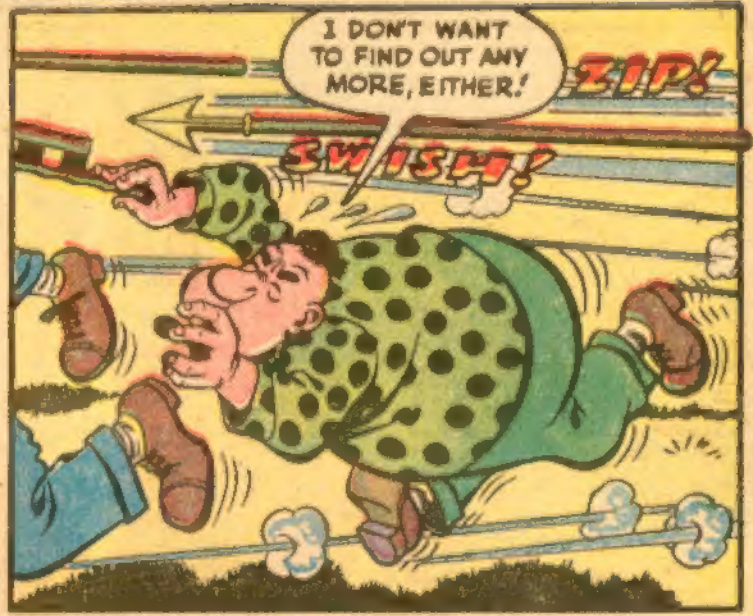
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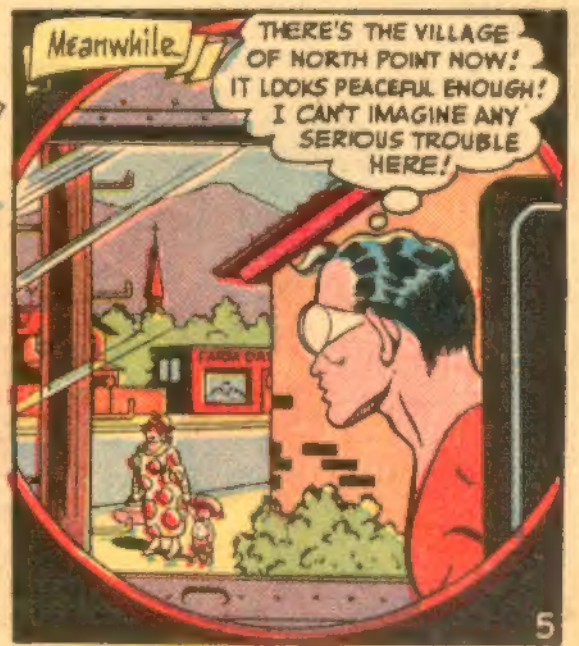
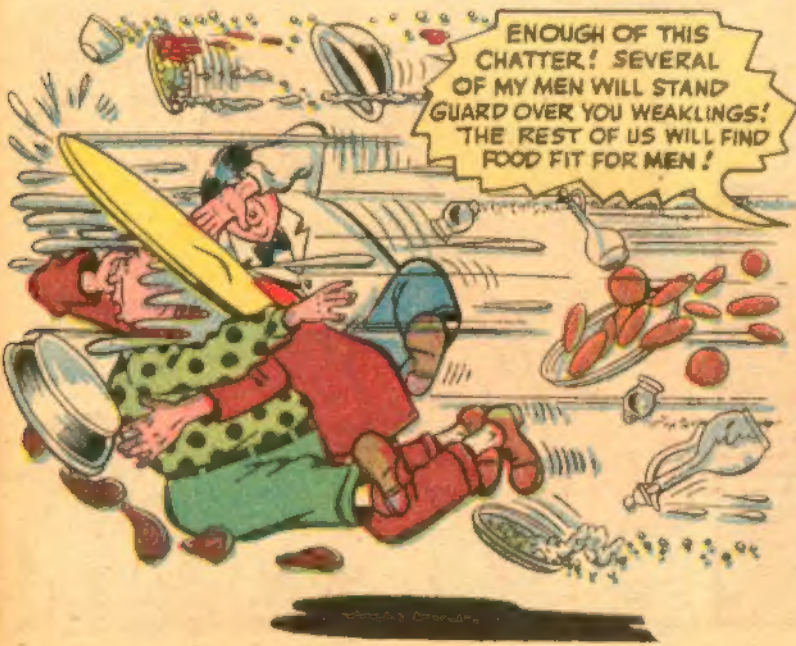
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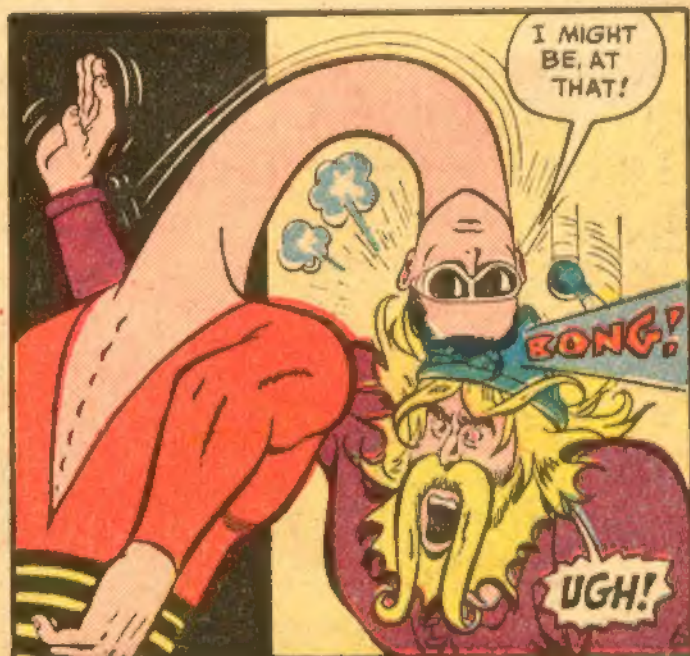
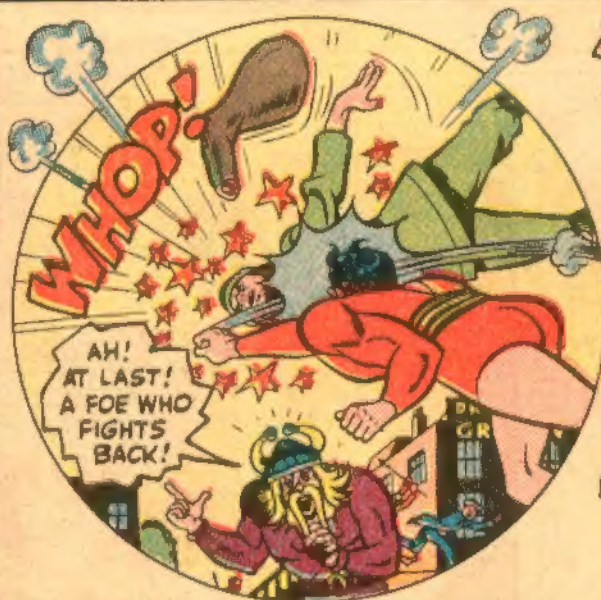
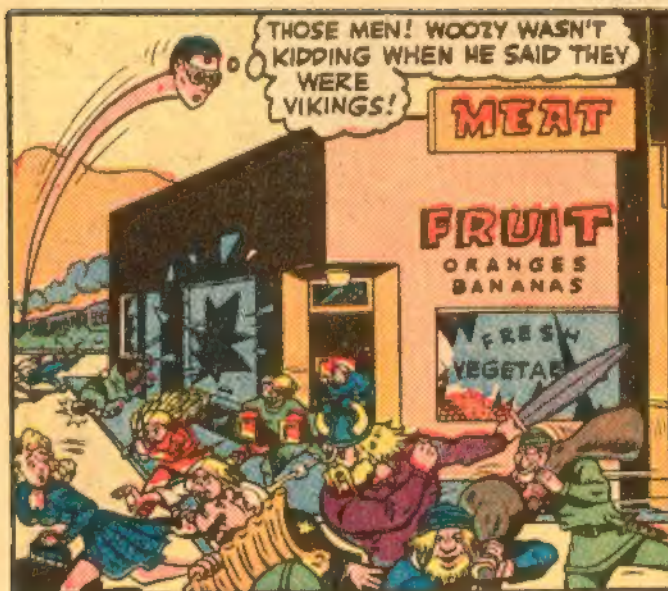
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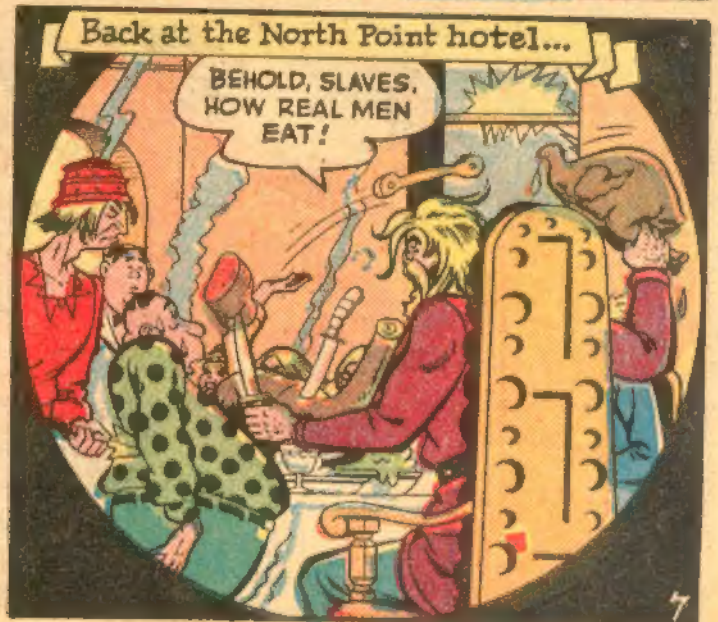
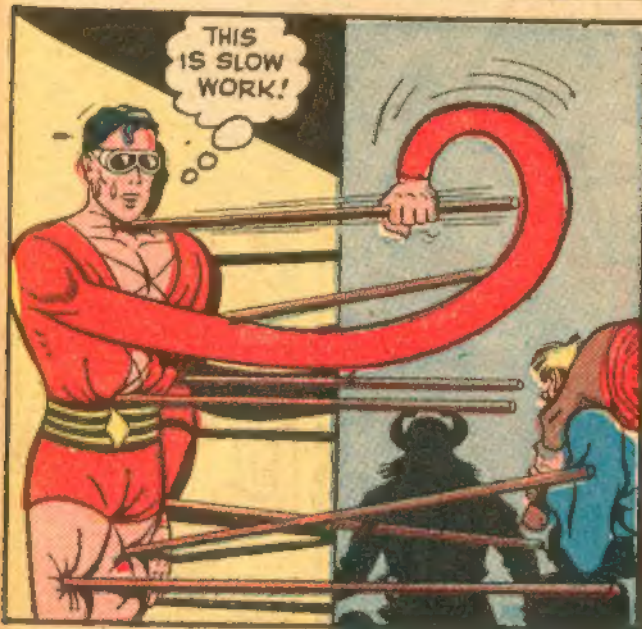
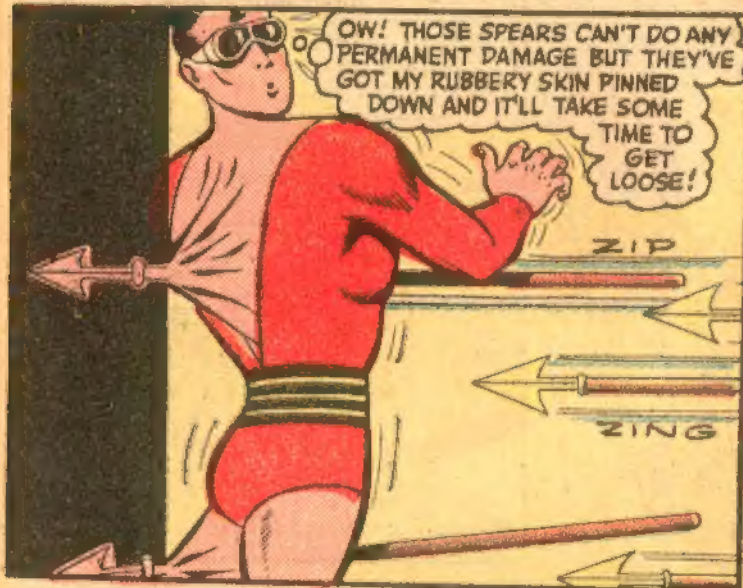
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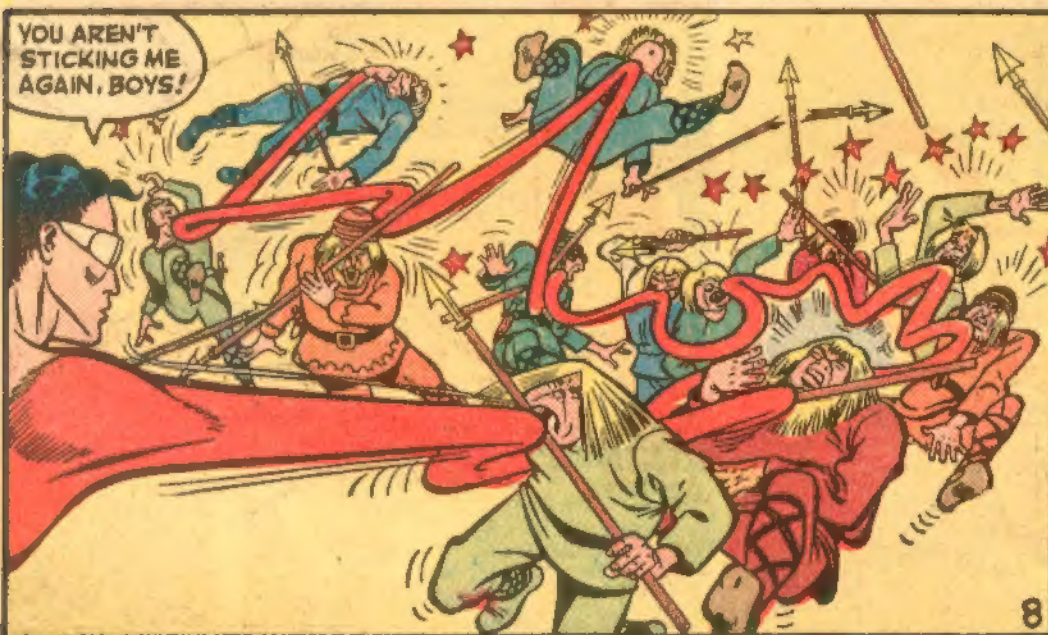
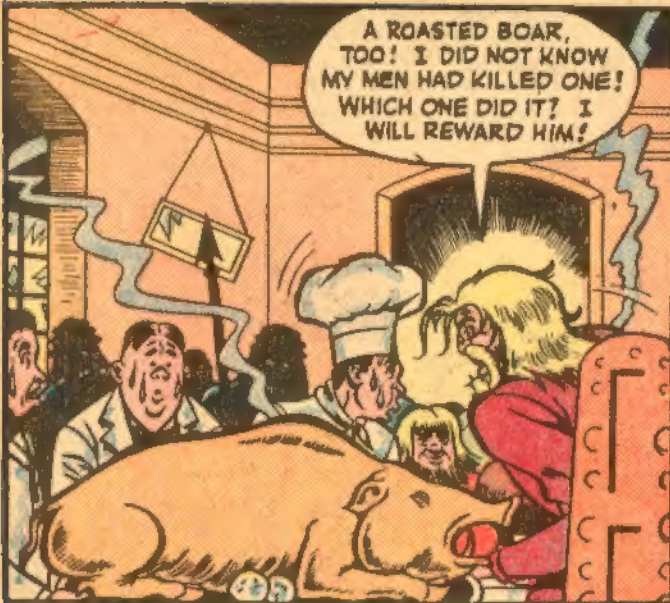
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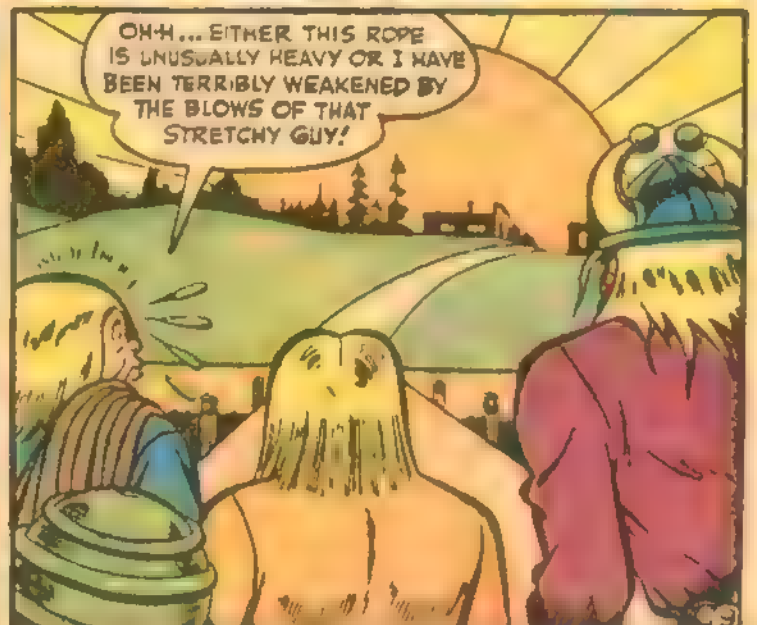
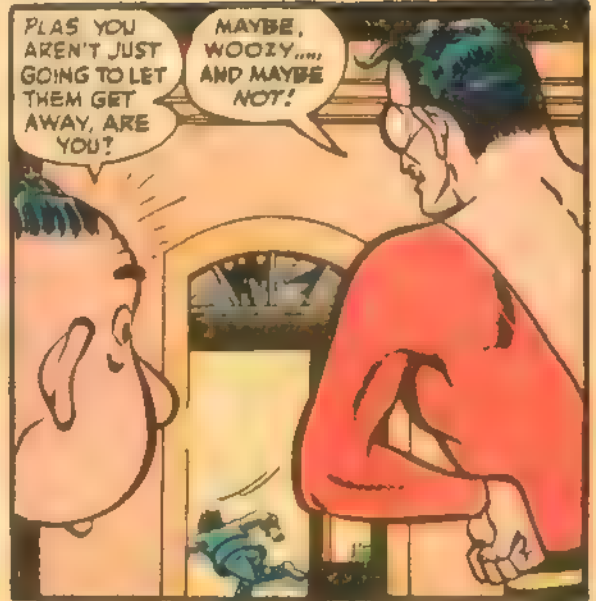
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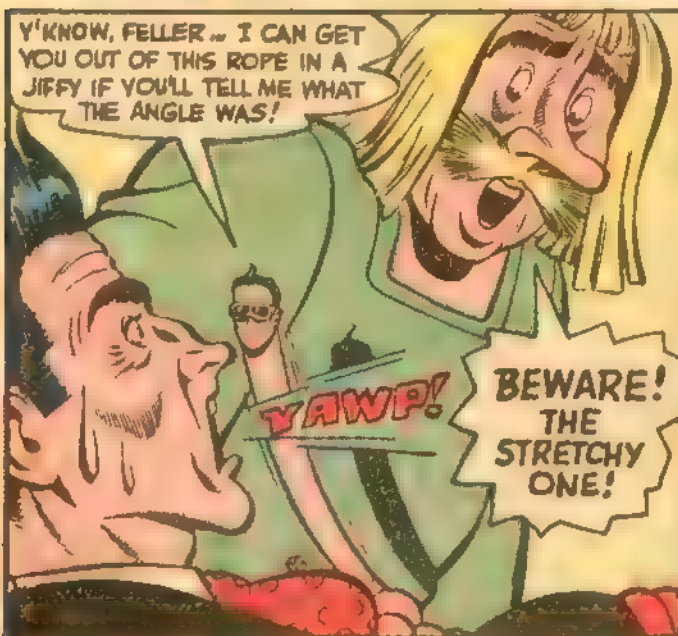
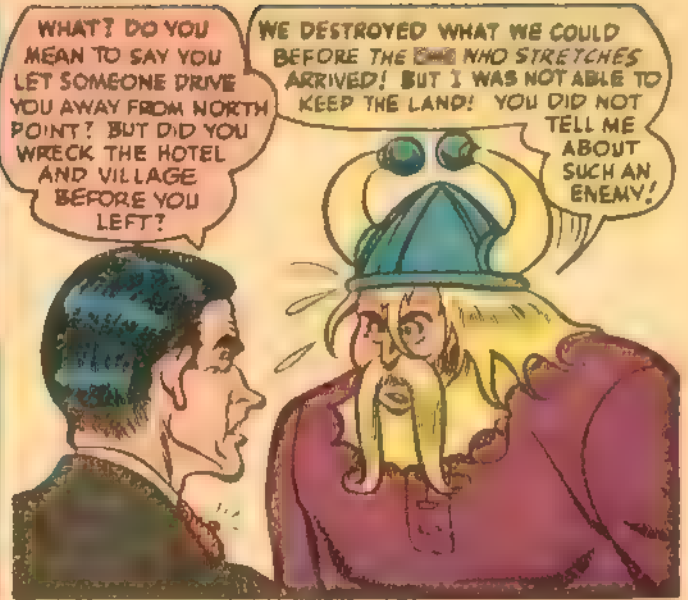
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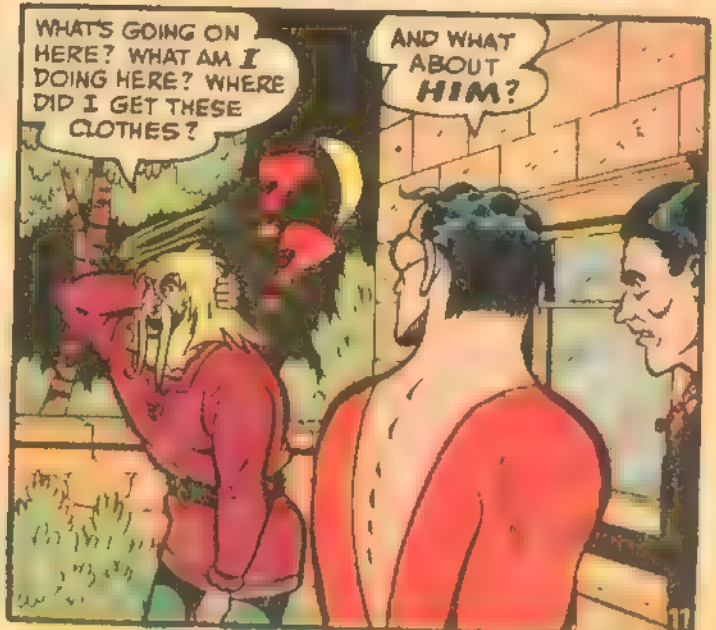
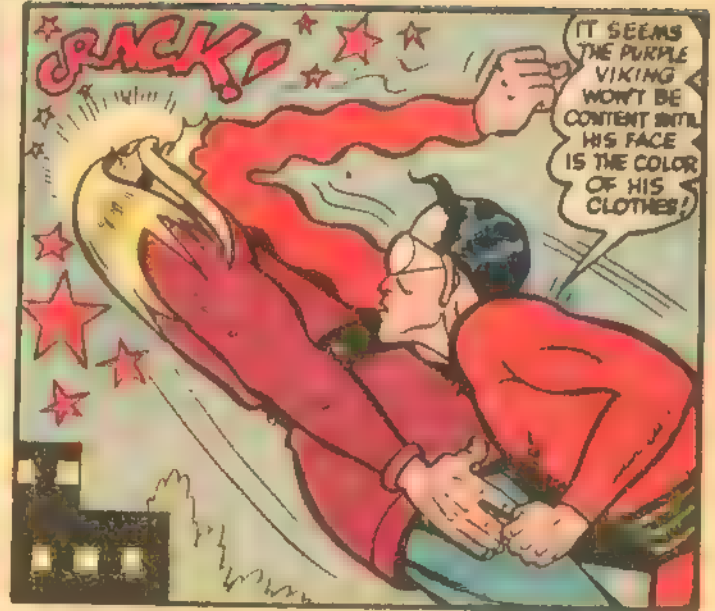
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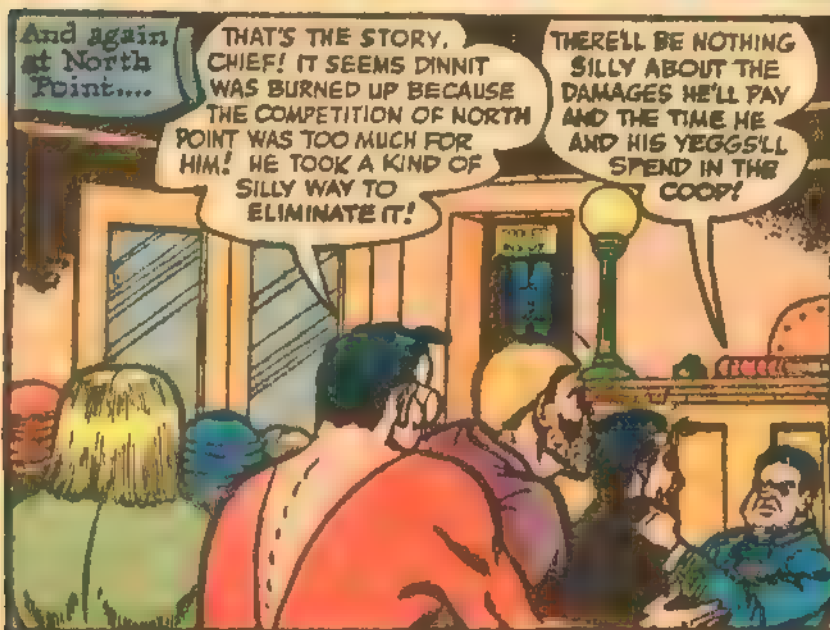
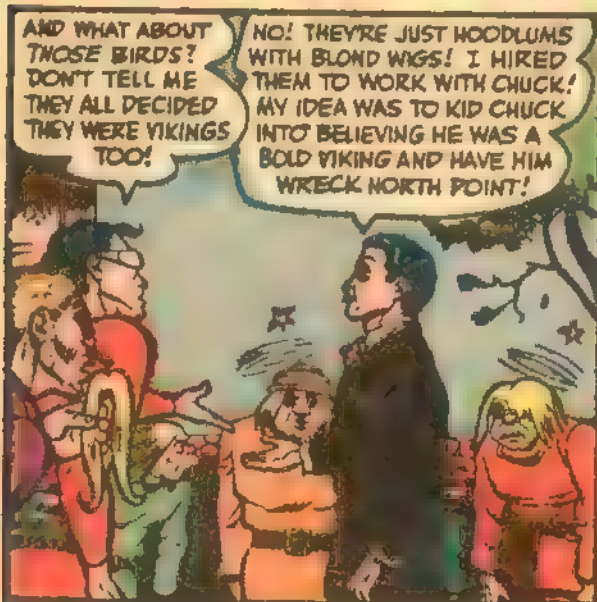
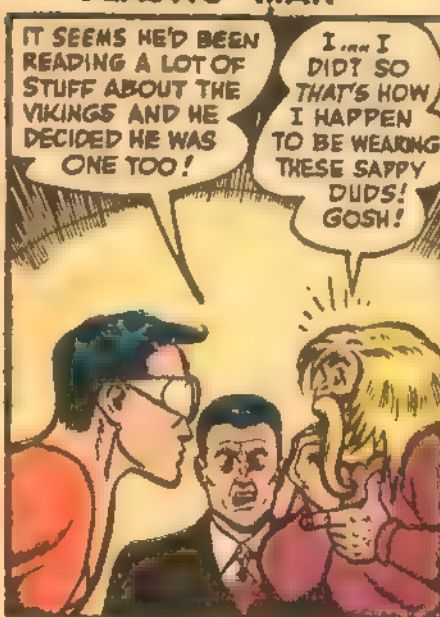
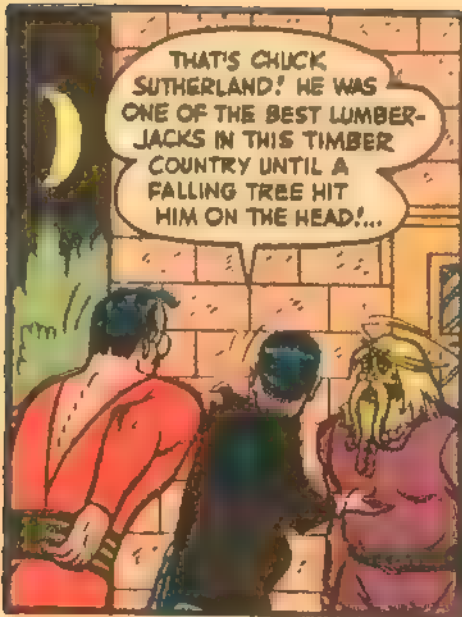
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PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



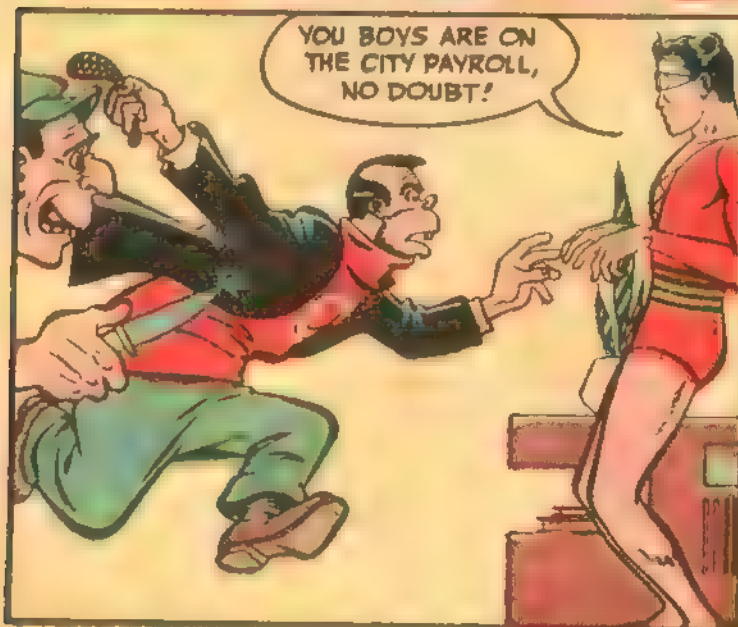
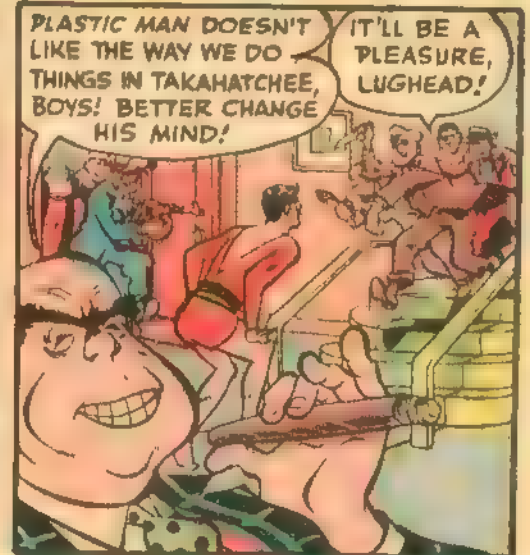
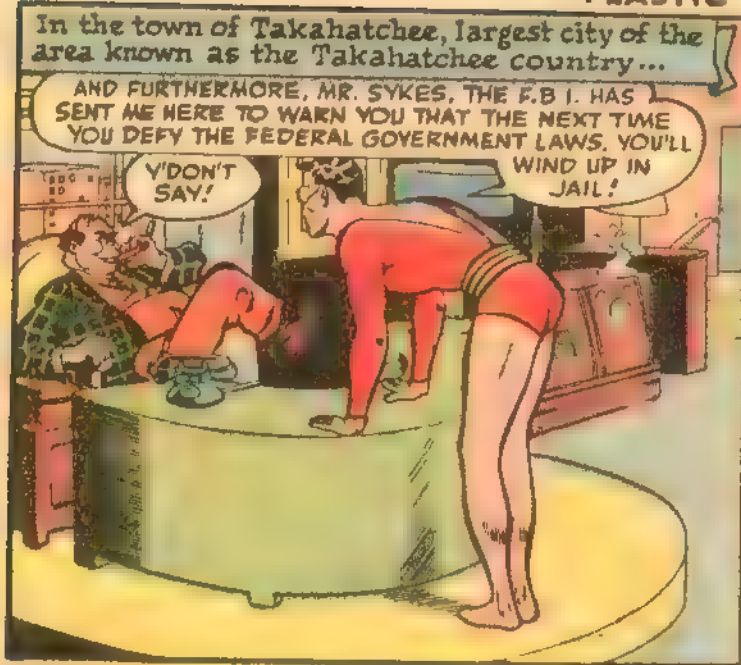
PLASTIC MAN

HIS ROYAL
MAJESTY,
KING LUGHEAD,
THE FIRST!

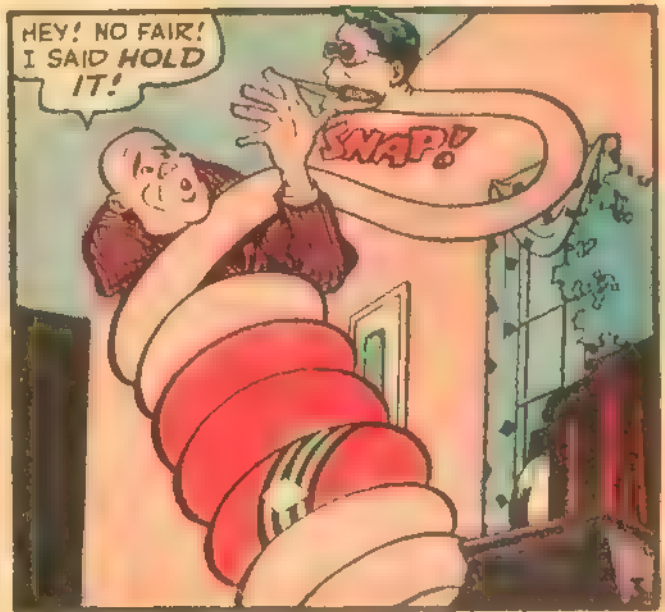
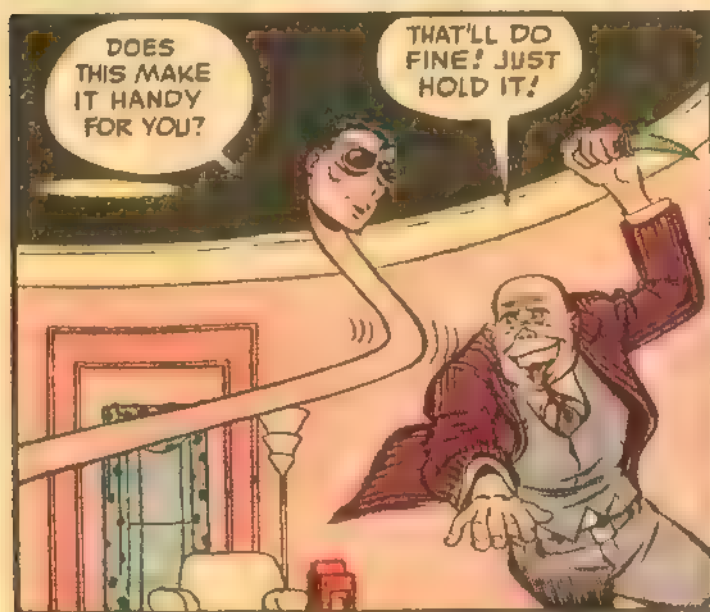
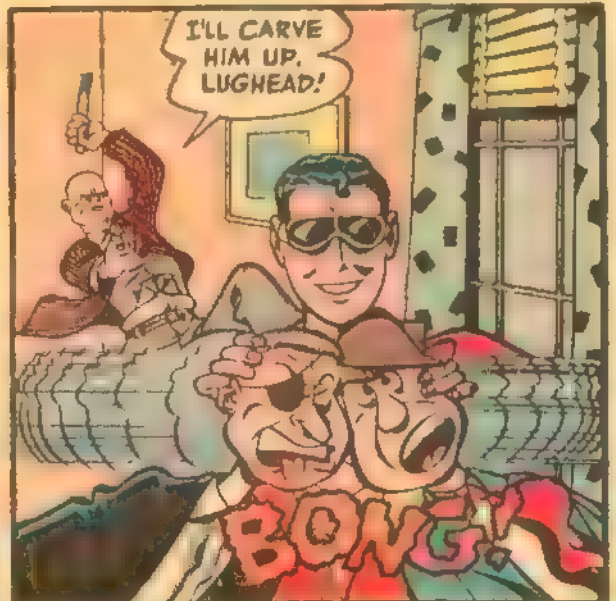
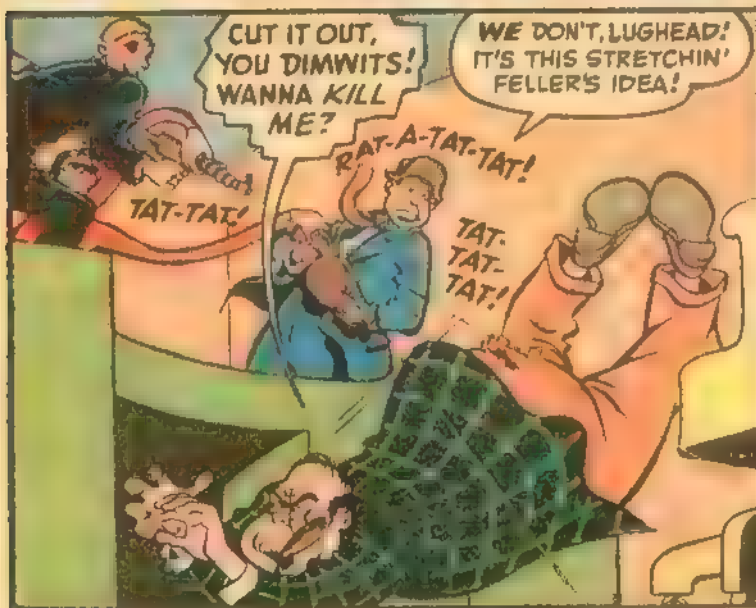
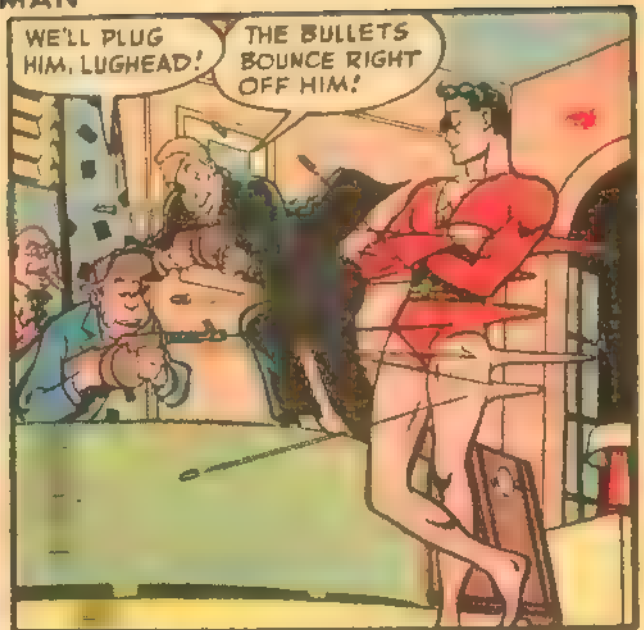
HMMM! NICE
SPRINGY CARPET!
WHERE'D WE
SWIPE IT?



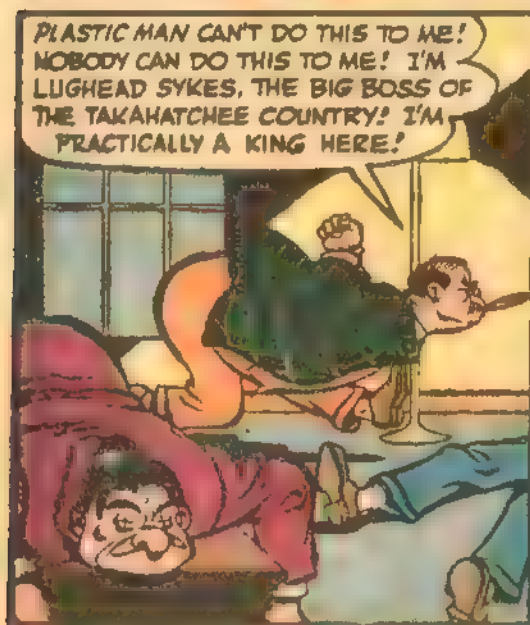
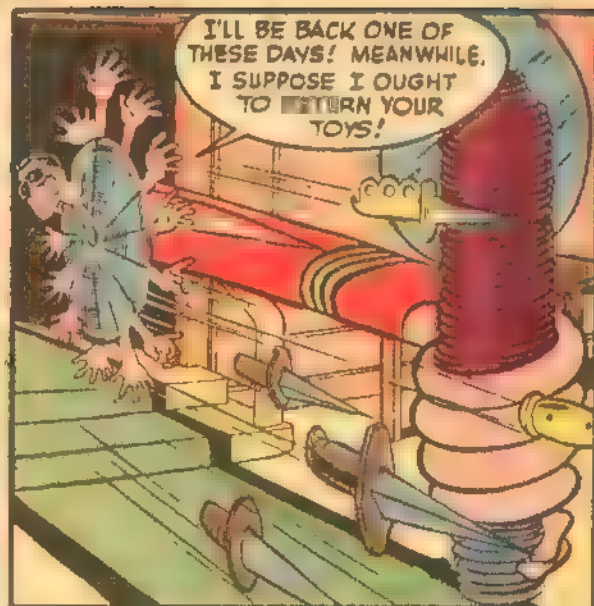
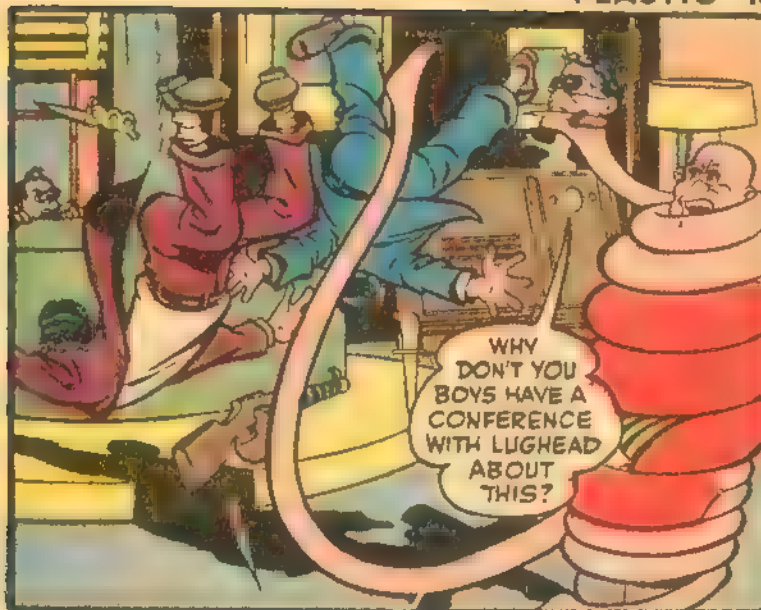
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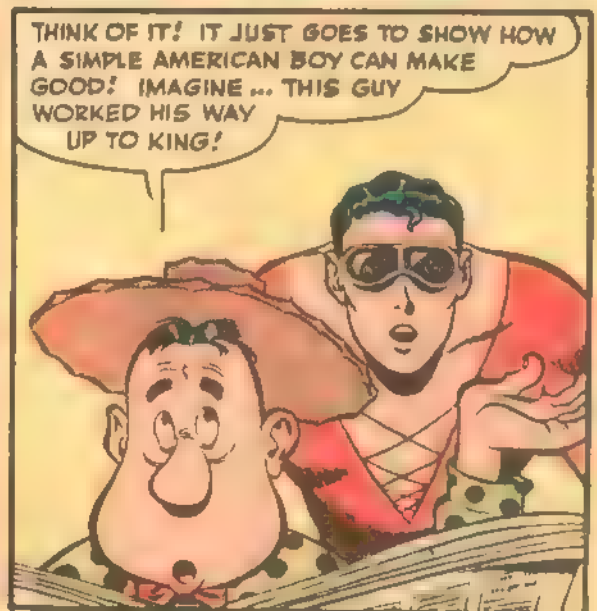
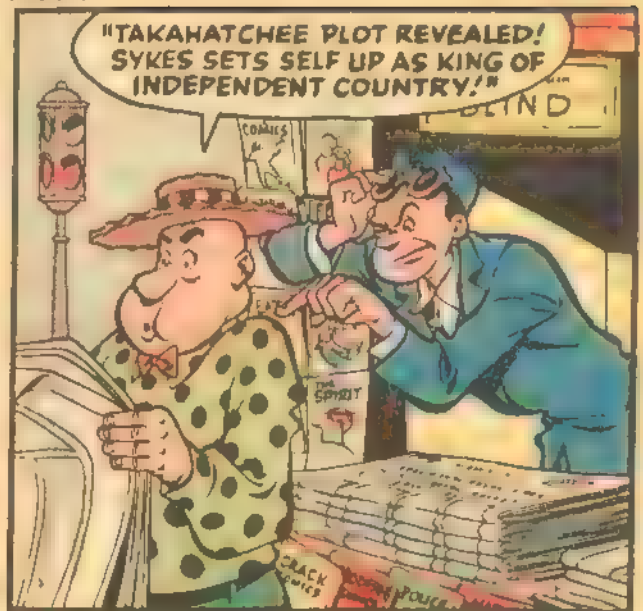
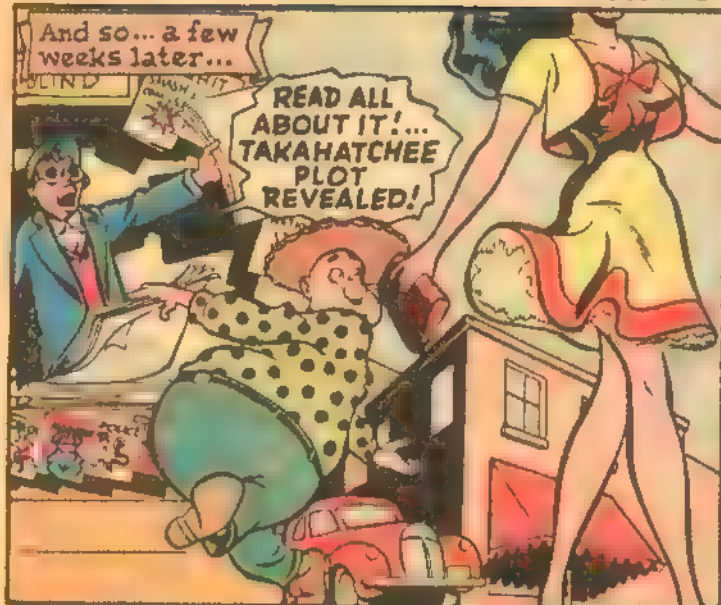
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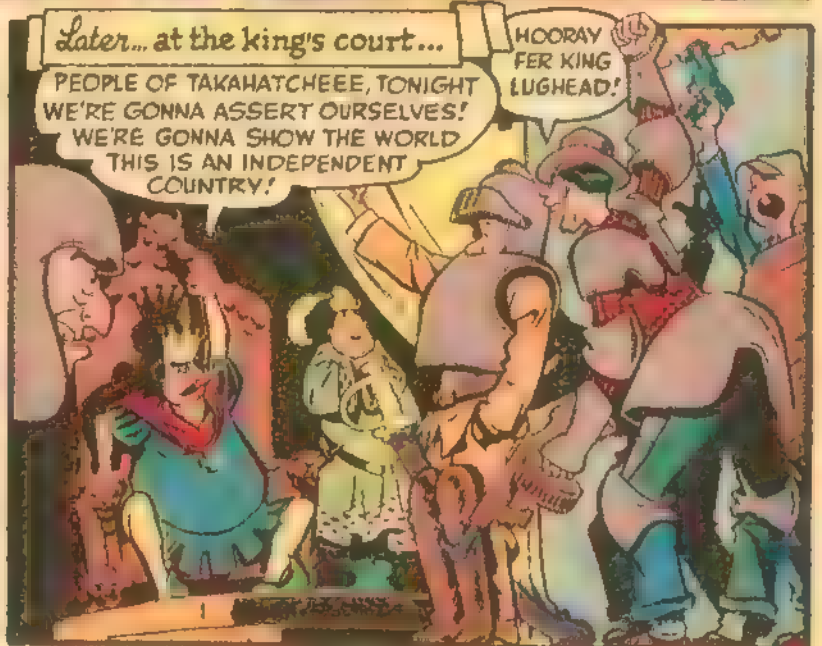
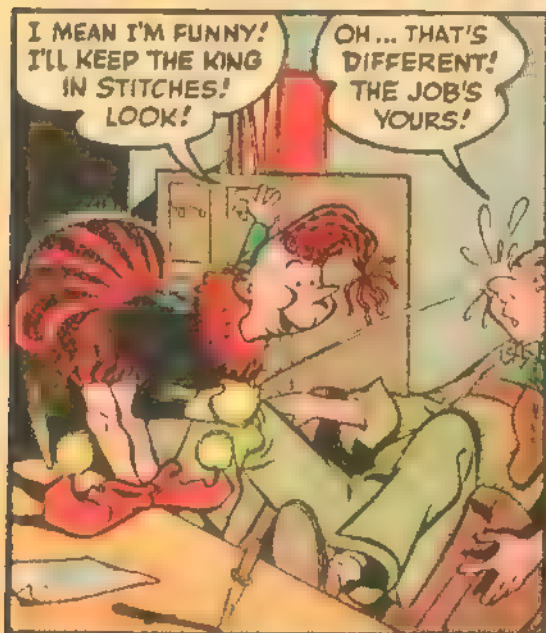
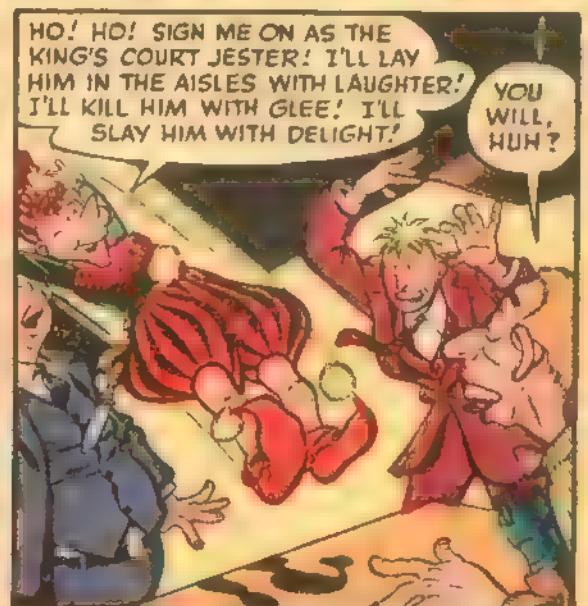
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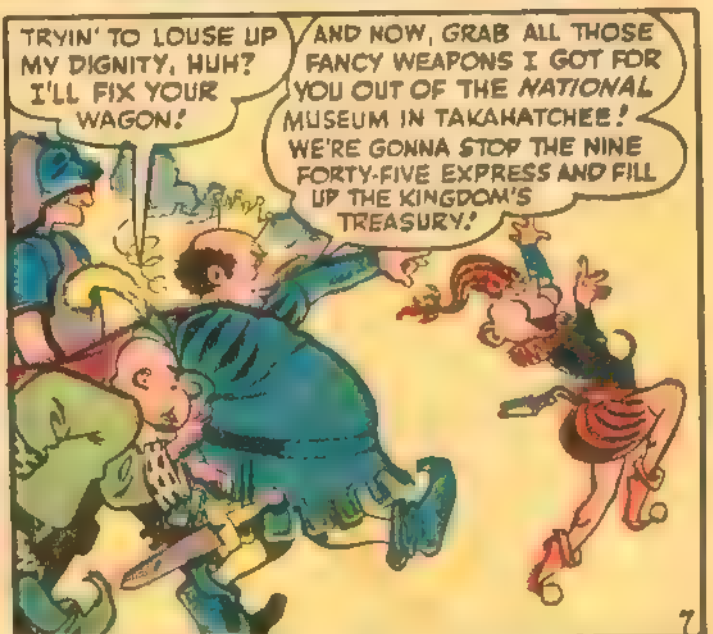
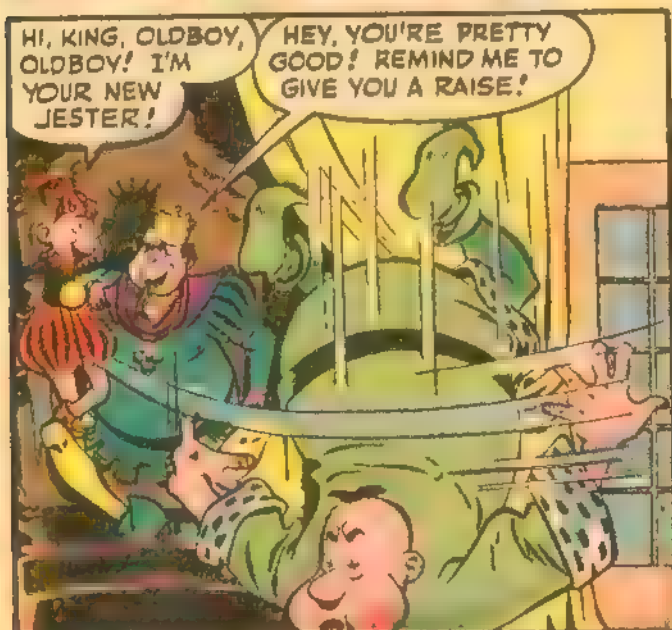
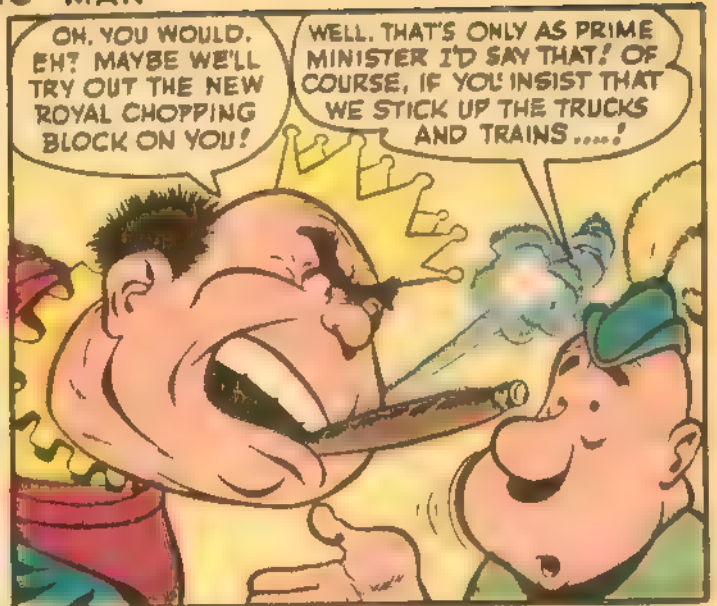
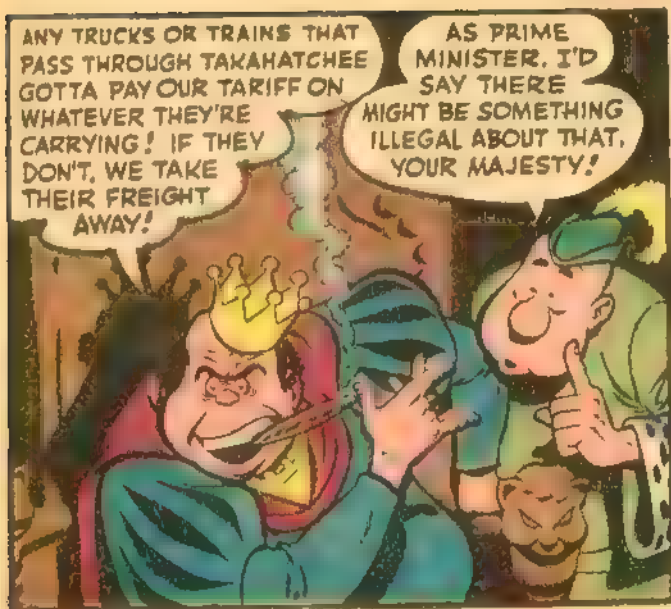
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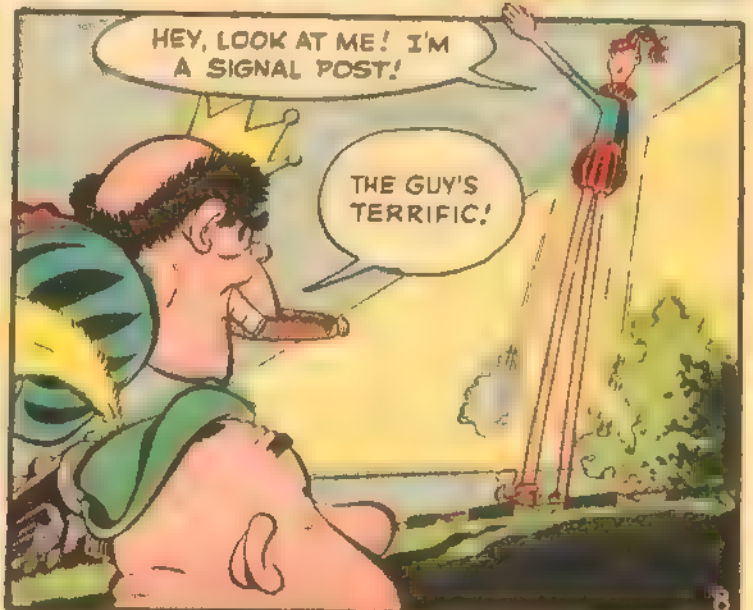
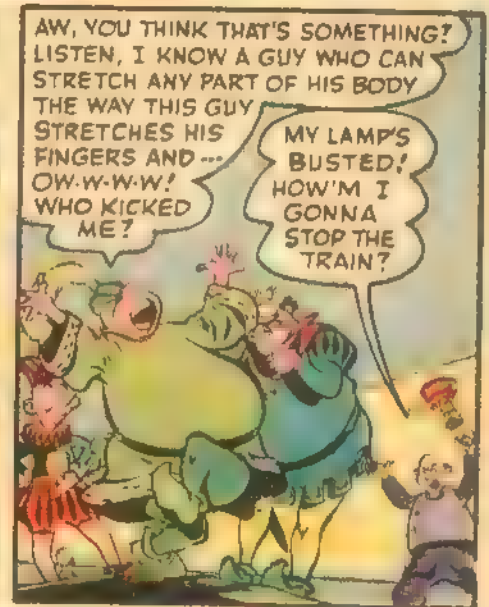
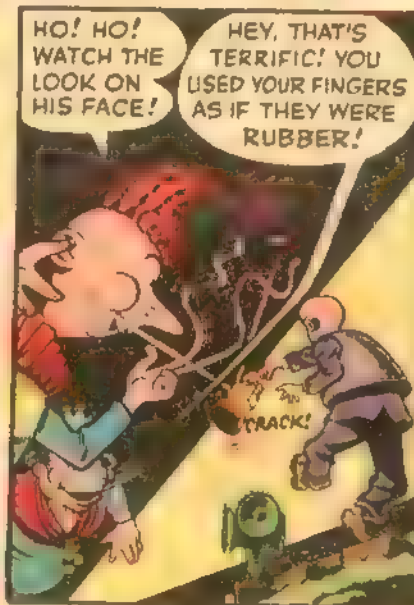
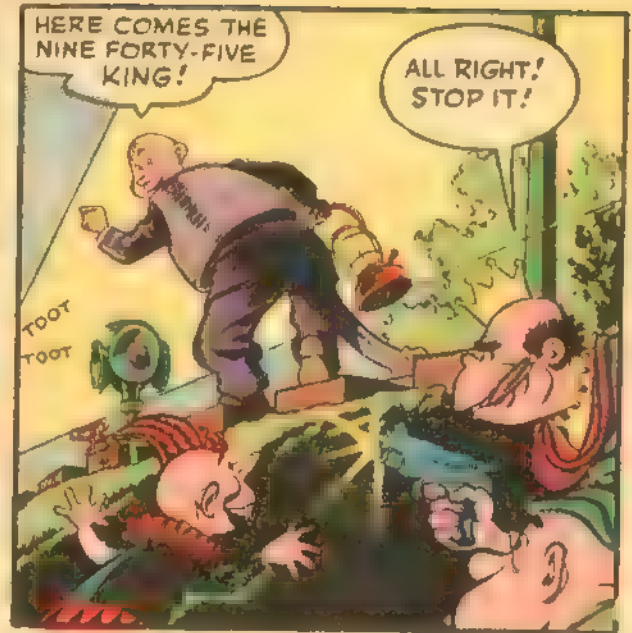
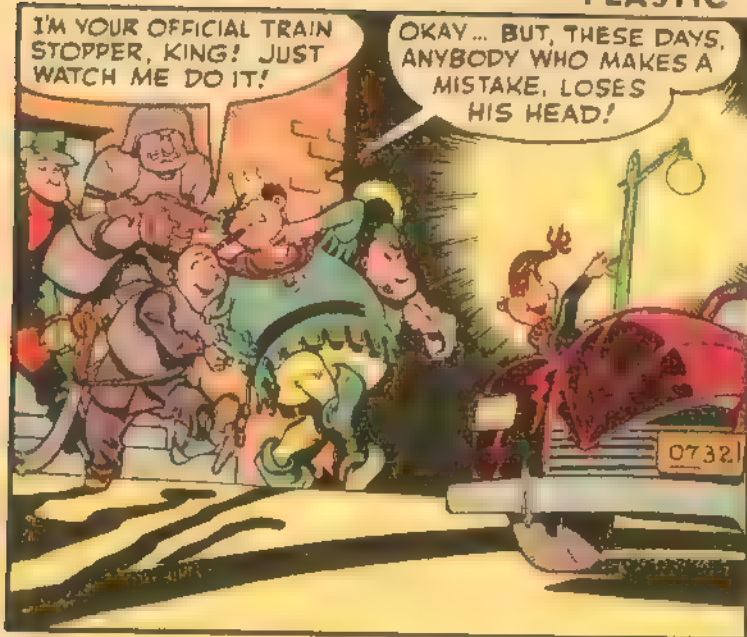
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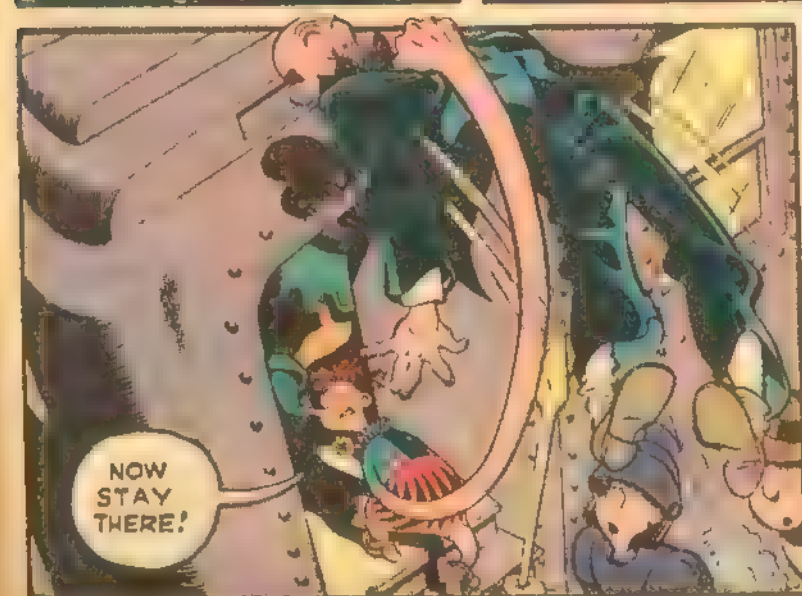
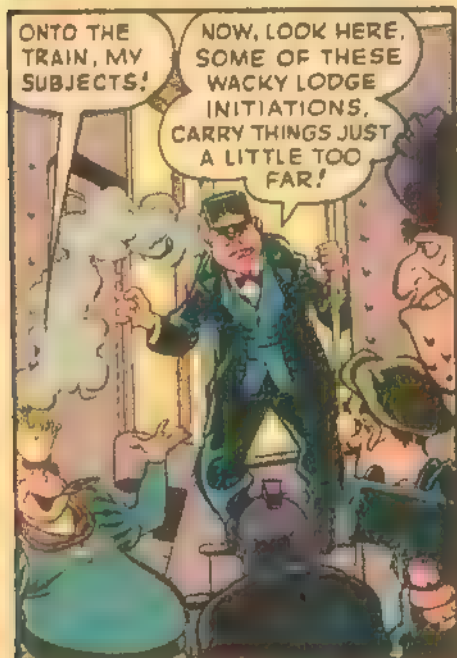
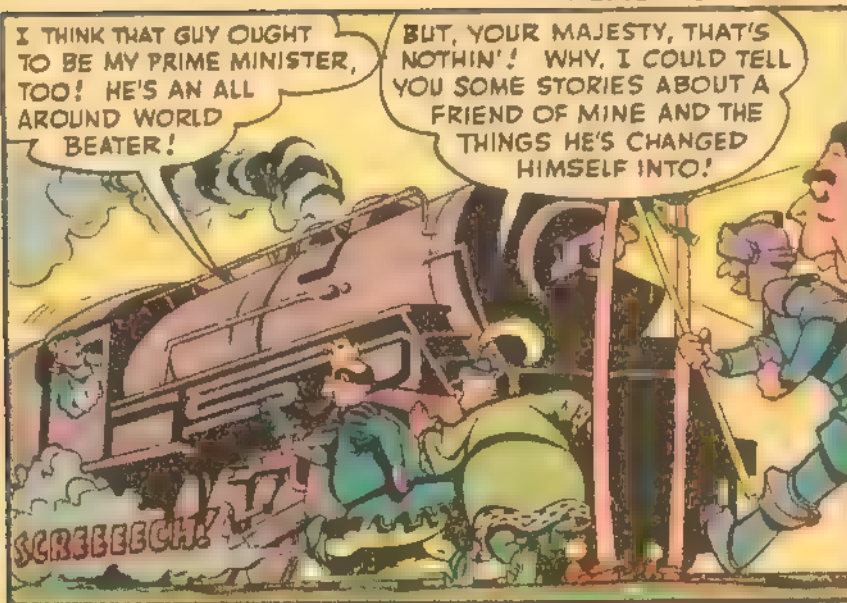
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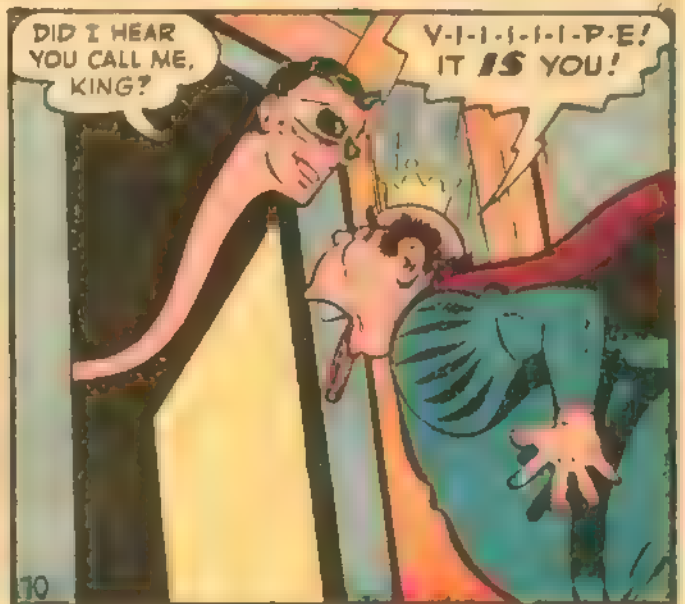
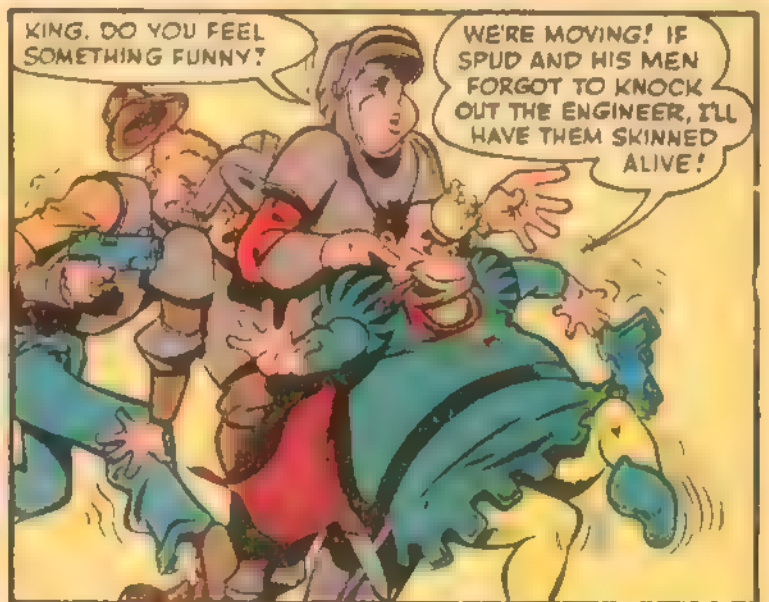
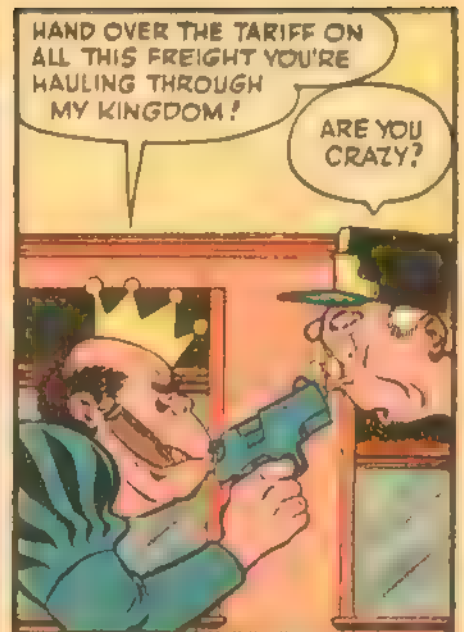
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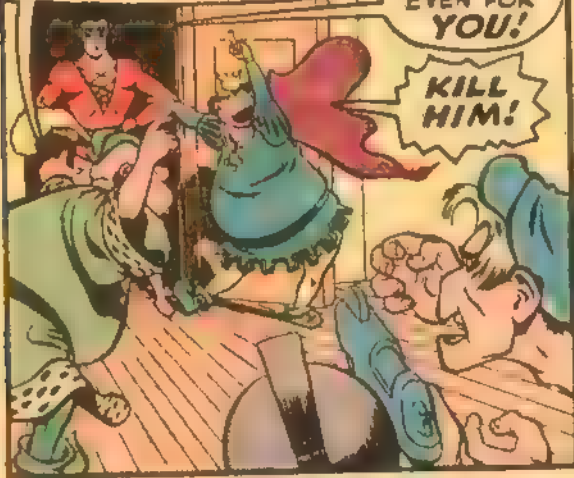
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

THIS IS THE GUY I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT, KING! YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF HIS STUNTS! HI, PLAS! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT MY NEW JOB?

SURE! AND IT'S GOING TO BE A SHORT-LIVED JOB EVEN FOR YOU!

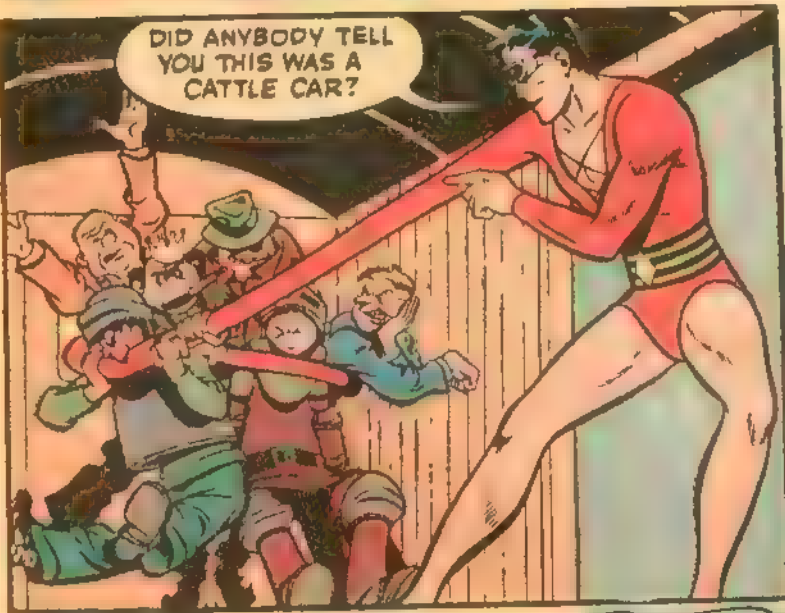


NICE OF YOU TO MAKE THINGS EASY FOR ME, LUGHEAD, BY BRINGING YOURSELF AND ALL YOUR CROOKED STOOGES ABOARD THE TRAIN! YOUR NEXT STOP'LL BE A FEDERAL HOOSEGOW!

WHERE IS HE?

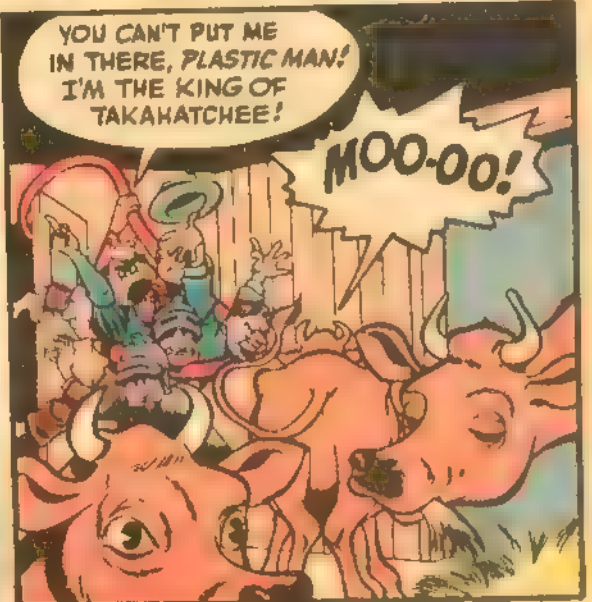


DID ANYBODY TELL YOU THIS WAS A CATTLE CAR?



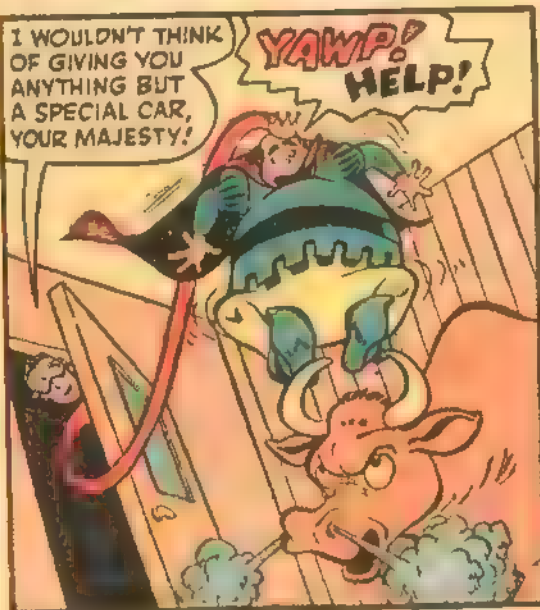
YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN THERE, PLASTIC MAN! I'M THE KING OF TAKAHATCHEE!

MOO-OO!



I WOULDN'T THINK OF GIVING YOU ANYTHING BUT A SPECIAL CAR, YOUR MAJESTY!

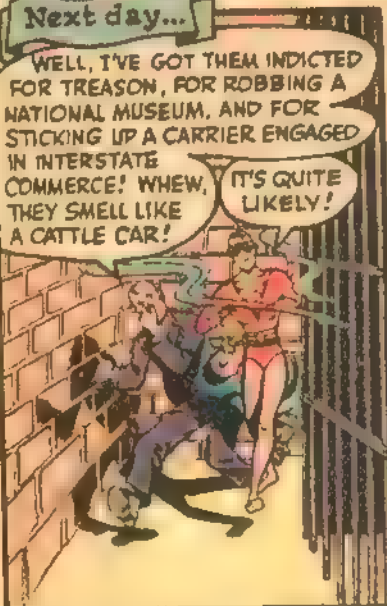
YAWP! HELP!



Next day...

WELL, I'VE GOT THEM INDICTED FOR TREASON, FOR ROBBING A NATIONAL MUSEUM, AND FOR STICKING UP A CARRIER ENGAGED IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE! WHEW, THEY SMELL LIKE A CATTLE CAR!

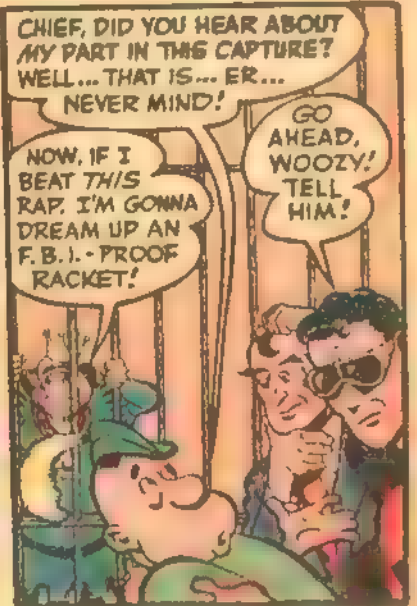
IT'S QUITE LIKELY!



CHIEF, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT MY PART IN THIS CAPTURE? WELL... THAT IS... ER... NEVER MIND!

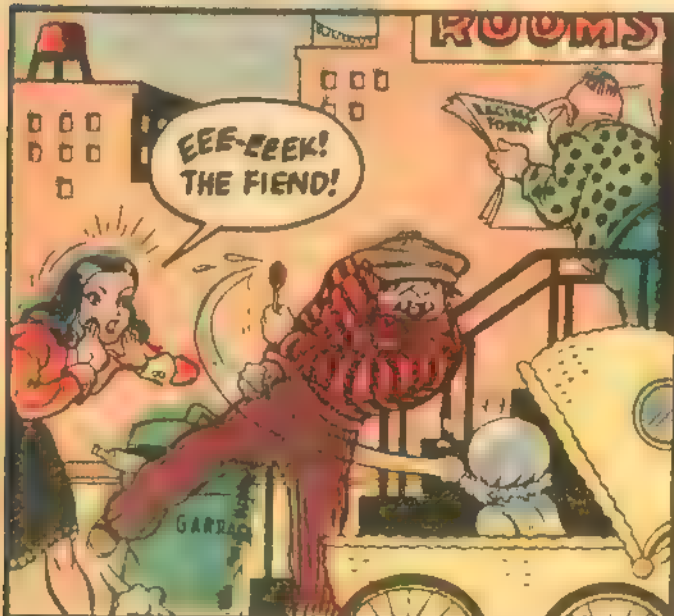
NOW, IF I BEAT THIS RAP, I'M GONNA DREAM UP AN F.B.I.-PROOF RACKET!

GO AHEAD, WOODY! TELL HIM!

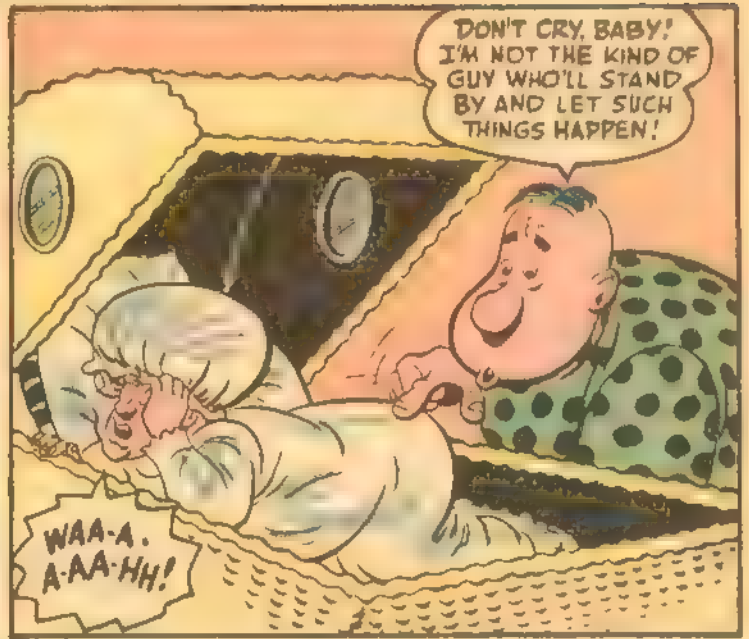


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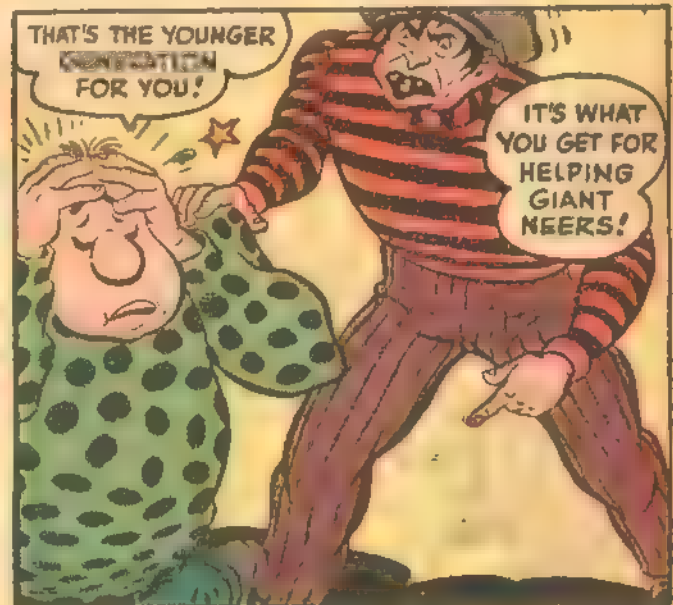
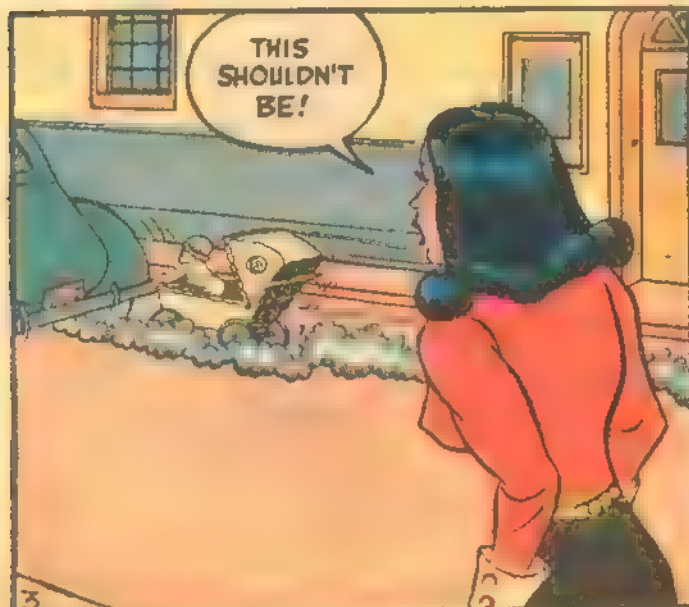
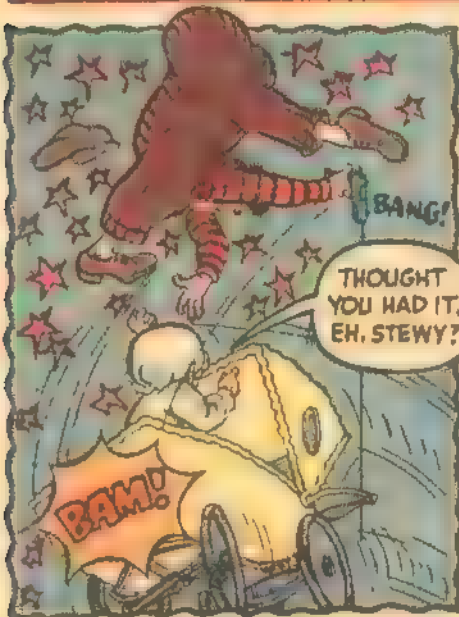
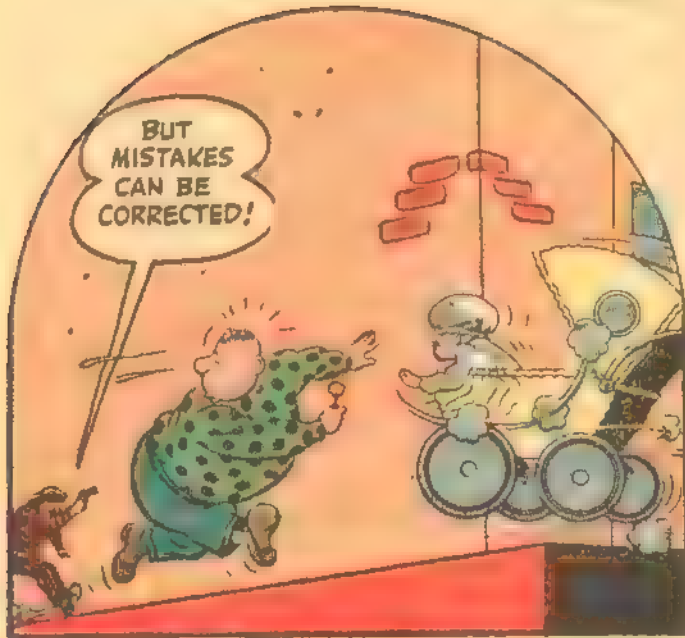
WOZZY WINKS



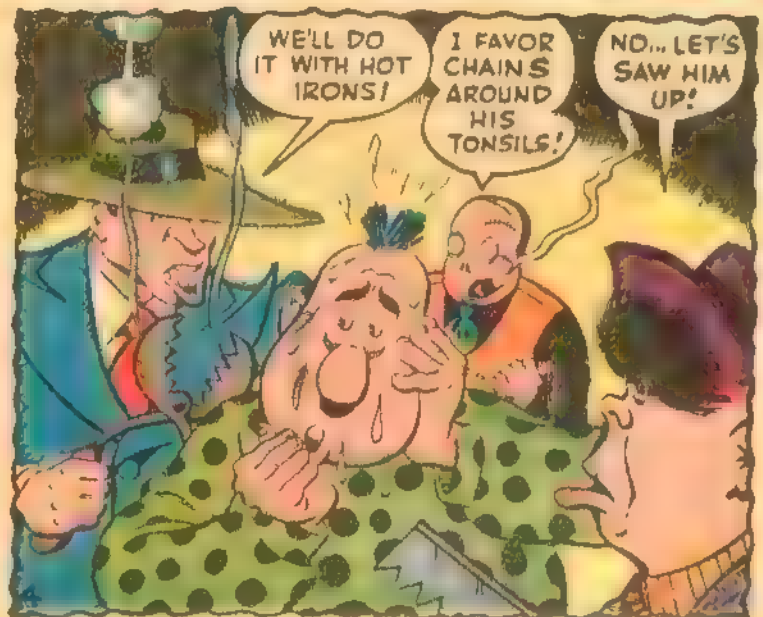
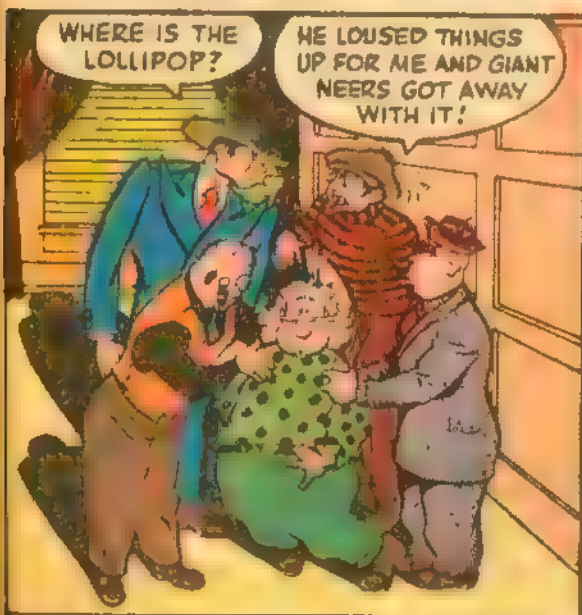
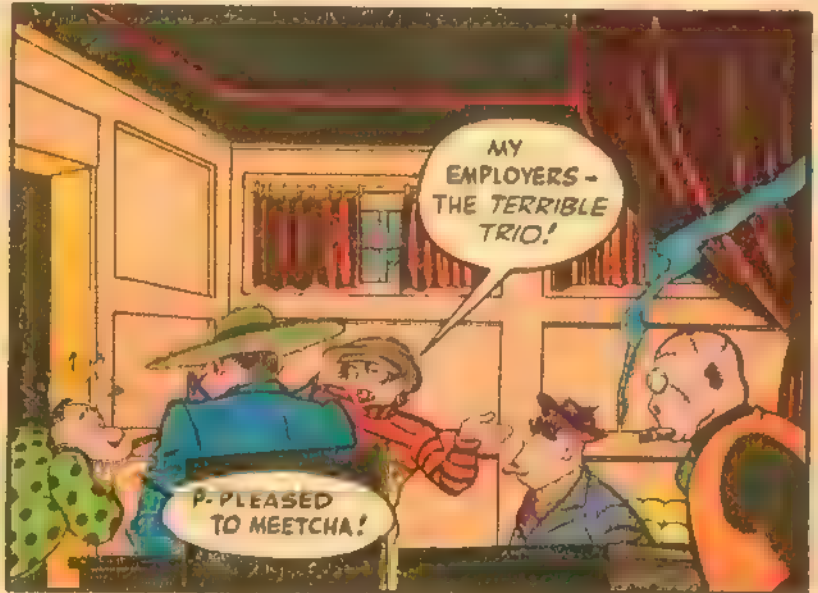
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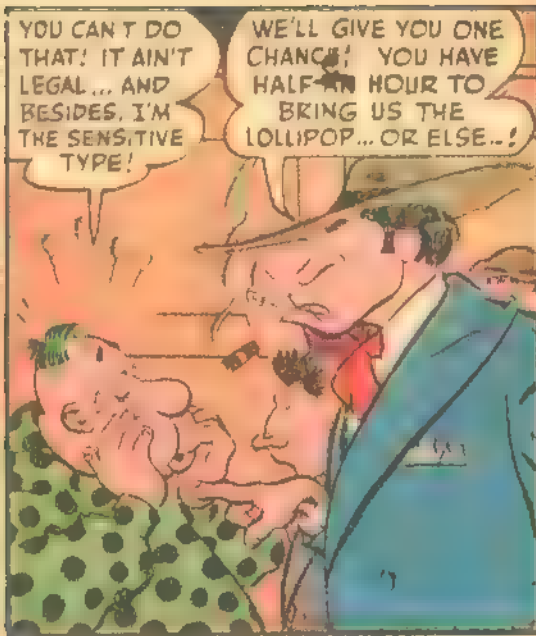
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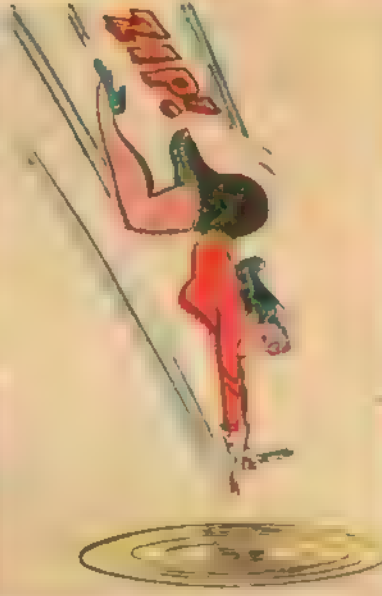
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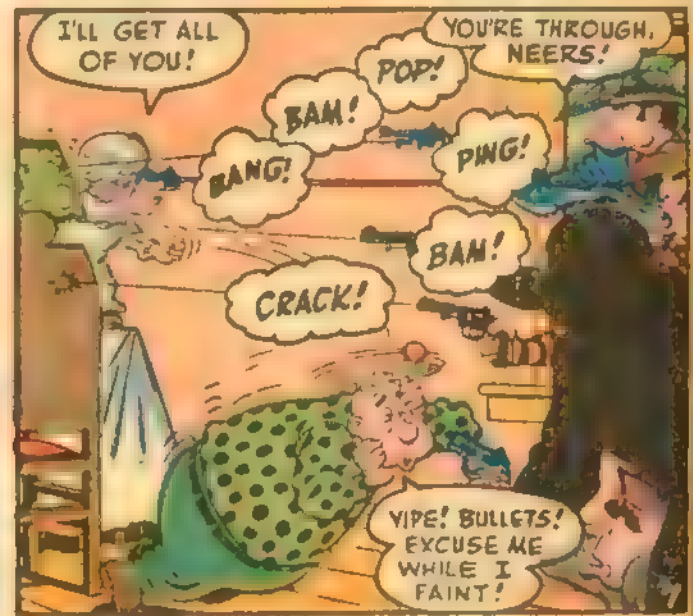
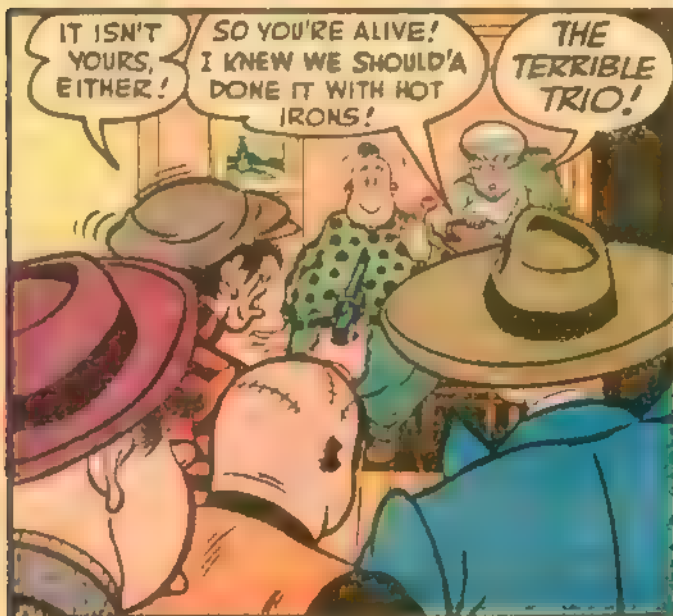
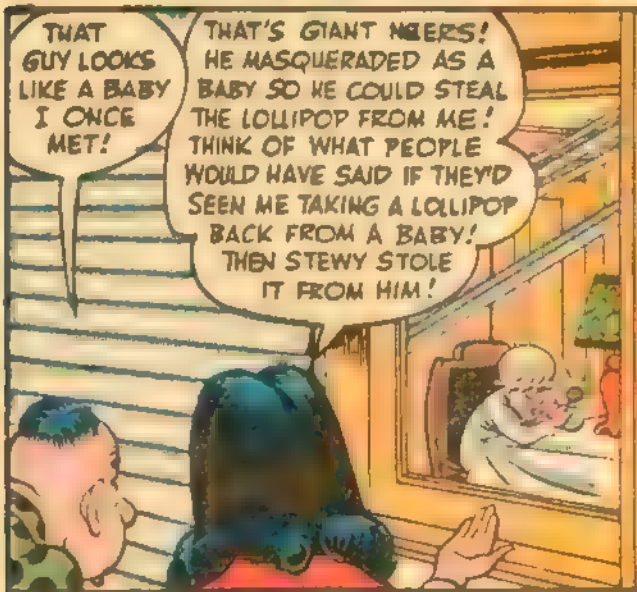
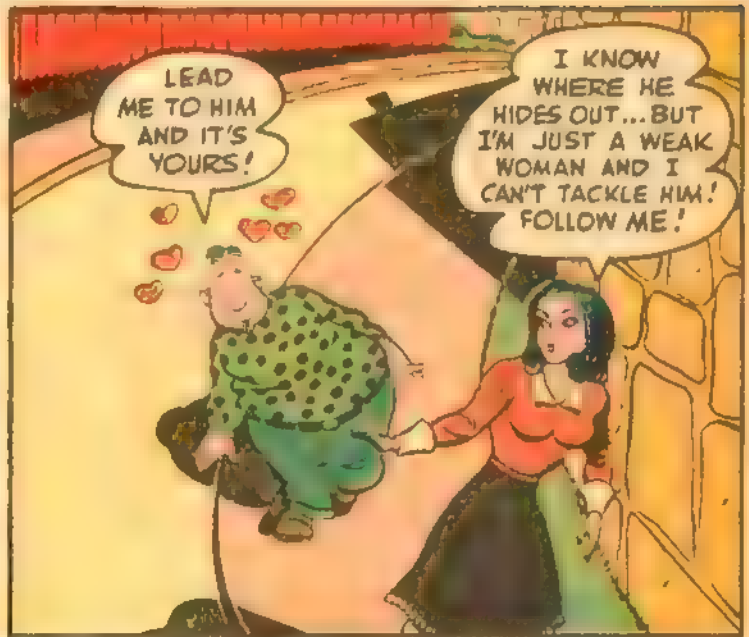
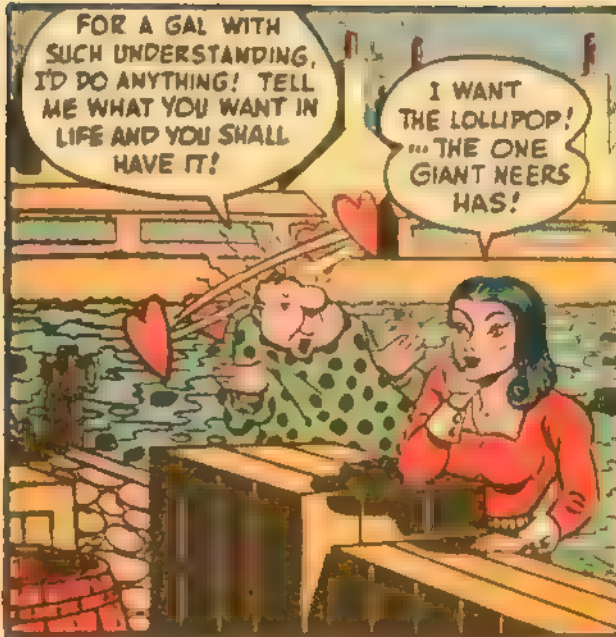
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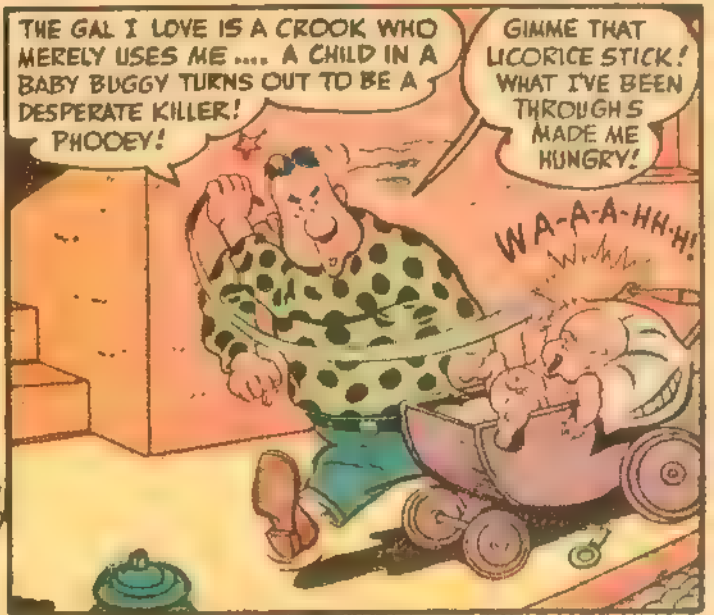
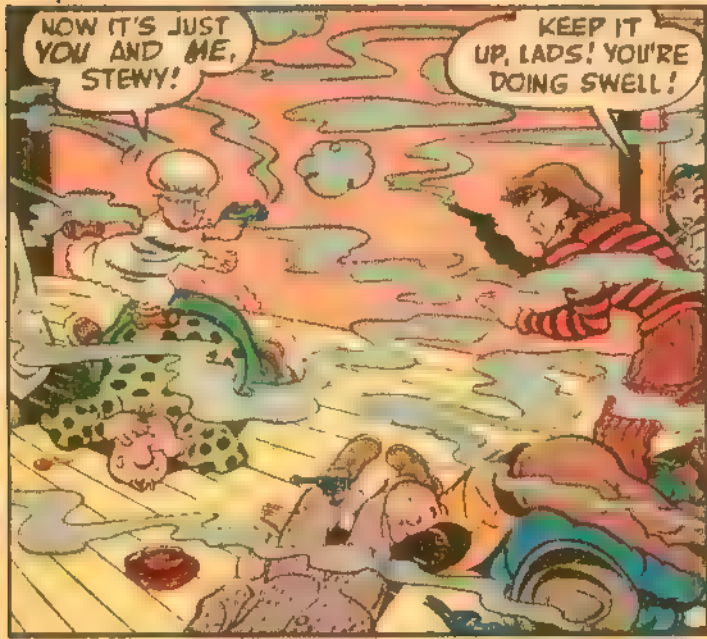
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PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLAS' TO MEET YOU

BUGEYE CLIFT lounged against the cage in the lion house at the zoo. No other human being was in sight, only the swift-pacing black-maned lion inside the cage. Bugeye smoked a cigarette, then another. As he lighted his third, a man as big and rugged as himself entered and made a gesture of greeting.

"You're right, Bugeye," muttered Surprise Willen. "I saw the fat little shrimp heading this way—every Friday he visits the zoo. But you think it's really worth while to bump him off?"

"I thought it all out," said Bugeye importantly. "Look at the newspaper stories—they tell about the crime-smashing adventures of Plastic Man—"

"And he does the crime-smashing," reminded Surprise, who himself had contended with the wonder-worker of the F.B.I. and come off a very poor second.

"I'll grant you he has the physical ability—can twist himself into any shape, squeeze through any hole, stretch across any gap," said Bugeye. "But that's his physical self. His brains? He can't have everything. And I figure that's where Woozy Winks comes in."

Surprise shook his head slowly. "It's hard to believe, Woozy's just a stooge to Plastic Man. A waddling, stupid little—"

"That's an act, I say, and a better act than anything that Plastic Man ever did. Woozy makes

off stupid, but he's the brains of the team. Let's go get him."

They passed out. The pacing lion glanced at them once.

Outside, the two killers walked quickly down a side path among dense shrubbery. Coming toward them in the distance was a pudgy figure in a green shirt and straw hat.

"It's Woozy Winks," said Bugeye and started quickly forward. Next instant he had tripped and fallen.

"A root stuck out—didn't see it," he gasped to Surprise. "Get going—he may slip away. I'll follow you."

Surprise needed no second bidding. He charged at Woozy, who turned and fled clumsily around a bend in the trail. Bugeye got to his feet and followed more slowly, for his ankle had been turned and telegraphed twinges of pain up the calf of his leg.

But within a minute's time he came to the lonely spot on the path where Surprise had overtaken the fleeing Woozy. Surprise stood alone and smiling, fanning himself with the peculiar hat, circled by a band of black and yellow, that only Woozy Winks would wear.

"What happened?" demanded Bugeye at once.

"Everything happened—to that little lard-lump," replied Surprise smugly. "I caught him, smacked him senseless, and—"

He pointed significantly to the lake that at this point lapped close to the path.

"You threw him in? And he's drowned?"

"He hasn't come up yet," said Surprise. "How'm I doin', Bugeye?"

Bugeye's hand caught that of his companion and wrung it enthusiastically.

"Surprise," said Bugeye, "up to now I never thought of you except as a muscle guy, good only for rough stuff. But you handled Woozy Winks like a genius. I'm not your boss any more, I'm your partner. And together we're going places—along easy street, with plenty of dough and no trouble from Plastic Man."

"Why not?"

"Ain't I been telling you? Because Woozy was the brain that told Plastic Man's super-stretch muscles what to do. From now on he's only a stooge without an idea of how to catch up with us. Come on, follow me."

They left the zoo and entered Bugeye's car. Bugeye drove them triumphantly to the third best restaurant in town, a special haunt of big-time gangsters. The dinner he ordered and paid for was excellent, and Surprise ate heartily, though mostly with his knife. When the last delectable dish had been finished, Bugeye lighted an expensive cigar, and spoke to Surprise.

PLASTIC MAN

"As my partner, you'll have to get on the inside of plenty secret stuff."

"I'm dying to find out," said Surprise.

"Come on," and Bugeye led him through the back of the restaurant, through a shabby door that most casual prowlers would not even notice. They mounted a dark stairway and came into apartments above.

"My headquarters," explained Bugeye. "Not even the upper crust of the underworld knows that I hang out here, but I use this place to plan big money jobs, and I keep my records here."

"Records?" repeated Surprise.

Bugeye opened a cabinet and took out a ledger. "This is my list of right guys always ready to help out and pick up a soft easy dollar," he said. "Look, Surprise. I got 'em listed under what they do best—safe-crackers, poisoners, forgers, trigger-men, all the rest. Lots of names listed here don't known to the cops, nor to the Federals, not even to Plastic Man. That's why they're good—nobody can suspect 'em and pull 'em in and third-degree 'em into talking on me."

Surprise read over Bugeye's shoulder. "That's a real valuable document," he commented. "It'd read like a best-seller in court."

"But I'm not showing it to nobody in court," Bugeye assured him. "Only to you, because you've showed I can trust you." He put the ledger away and produced another. "Here," he went on, "is a record of the profits on robberies, ransoms, kidnappings and so on that I've engineered for the last ten years."

Surprise gazed at it with even more interest. "You've listed the kick-back to about fifty racketeers," he said. "They could be sent up on that evidence on a dozen charges, including non-payment of taxes."

Bugeye looked at him sharply. "You're a smart gee, Surprise. . . . Smarter than I gave you credit for. Get the rest of the angle? I can keep that bunch of jaspers in line because I have this evidence."

"This is stuff worth knowing," said Surprise, "but where do we go from here?"

"I want to outline our new job," replied Bugeye. "The one where you come in fifty-fifty. Here," and he produced a sheaf of papers, "is the setup for a little stunt that will make gang history. The Payroll Association will have one hundred thousand dollars in cash tomorrow morning to handle the pay job for five big companies. We know all about it, where it is and who's going to be there. So we swoop down and take it over. These are the minor gangs who'll help us do the details—"

Bugeye broke off short. The papers had been snatched out of his hand by Surprise. And that was impossible. Surprise had been standing across the room, a dozen feet away—but he had done it, shot out his arm and taken the papers. He was putting them in his pocket.

"What goes on here?" demanded Bugeye, reaching for his gun.

Out reached Surprise's toe, at the end of a leg that stretched like a string of bubble-gum. A sharp, agonizing kick on Bugeye's knuckles, and the gun flew out of a window. Bugeye turned

to run, but two hands reached across the intervening space, seized him and slammed him into a chair. And his captor did not really need to peel off Surprise's clothes and quickly push his face back into shape to identify himself.

"So it's Plastic Man!" groaned Bugeye.

"Right," nodded Plastic Man, looming tall and red-clad over the gangster. "I've been all around you, Bugeye. It was I who made off like Woozy to stir you and Surprise into running after me. When Surprise caught up, he was the one, not I, who was thrown into the lake, and I got into his clothes before you—"

"Bad luck did this, not you!" snarled Bugeye. "I tripped over a root and turned my ankle!"

"Not over a root, Bugeye. I reached 'way around and grabbed your foot to drop you and give me a moment to settle things. Now," and Plastic Man made a long loop of his arm into which he bundled the telltale ledgers, "let's you and I and this evidence go down to headquarters."

"But how did you find out about it?" demanded Bugeye. "How?"

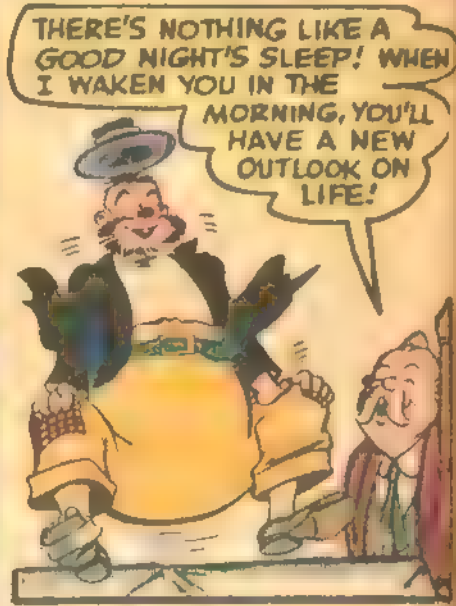
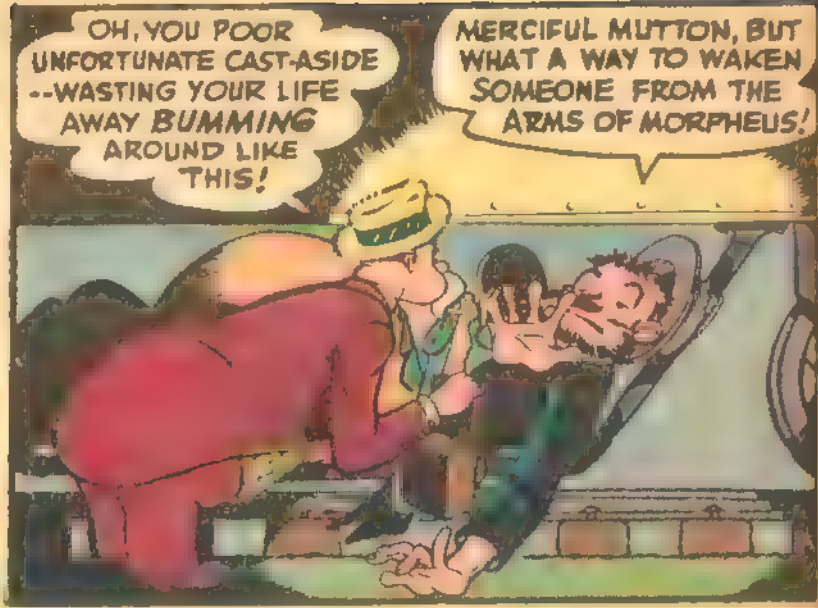
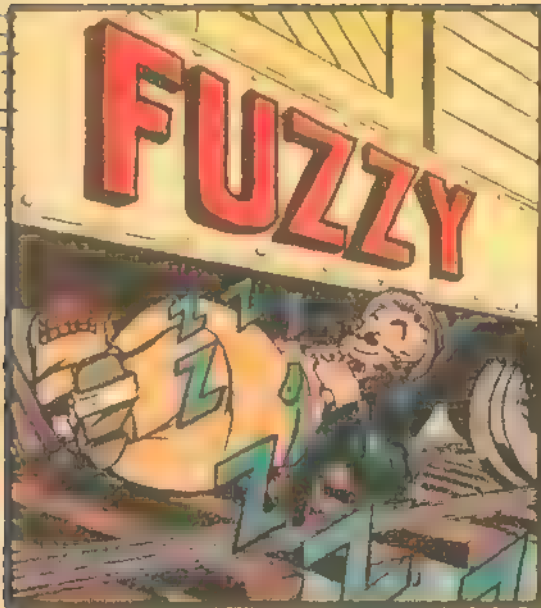
"I heard you in the lion house. I spotted you and followed you in."

"You couldn't have!" cried Bugeye. "There wasn't any living thing there but Surprise and me—yes, and a lion in the cage—"

"Don't you think I make a pretty convincing lion?" asked Plastic Man.

With his free hand he took Bugeye by the shoulder and marched him out.

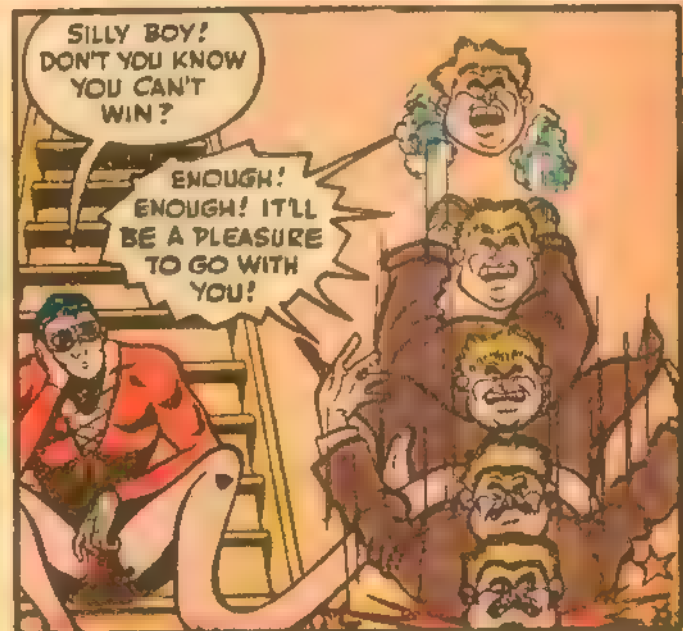
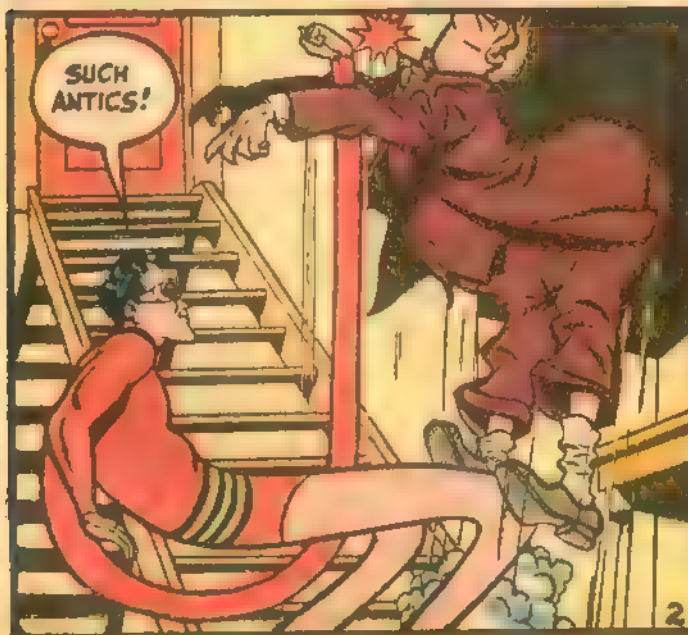
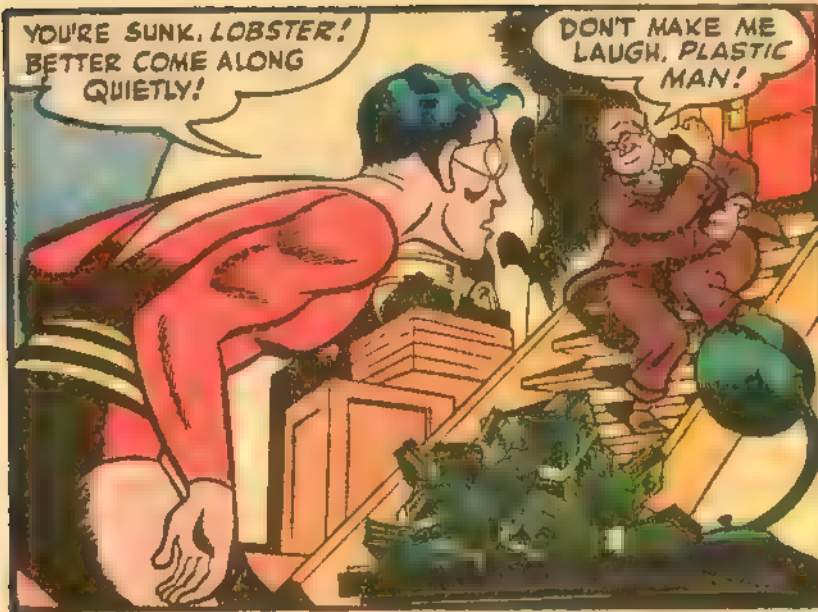
PLASTIC MAN



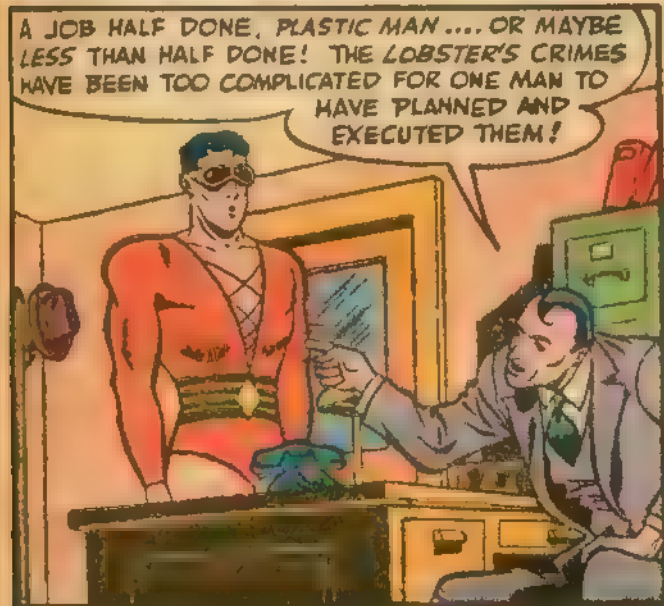
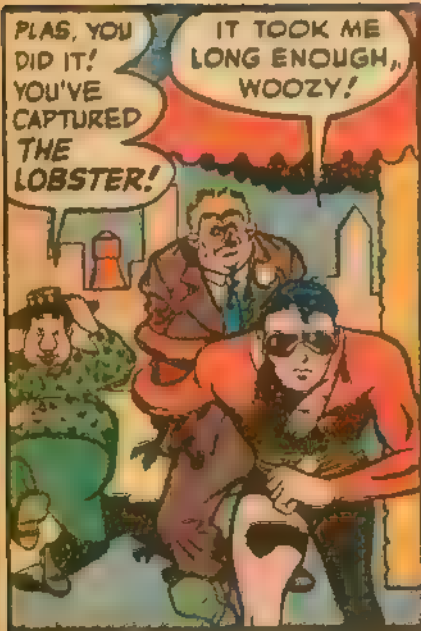


WOOZY WINKS lolls in the comforts of home, while *PLASTIC MAN* tries to crack the shell of mystery surrounding the evil genius called **THE LOBSTER!**

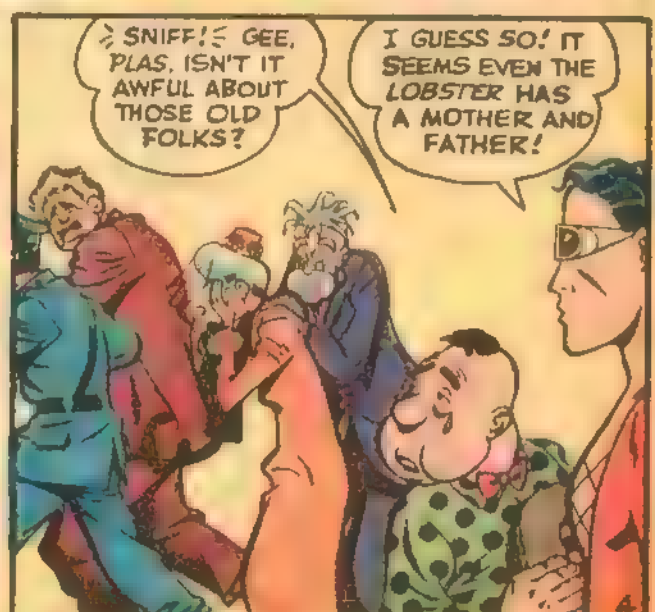
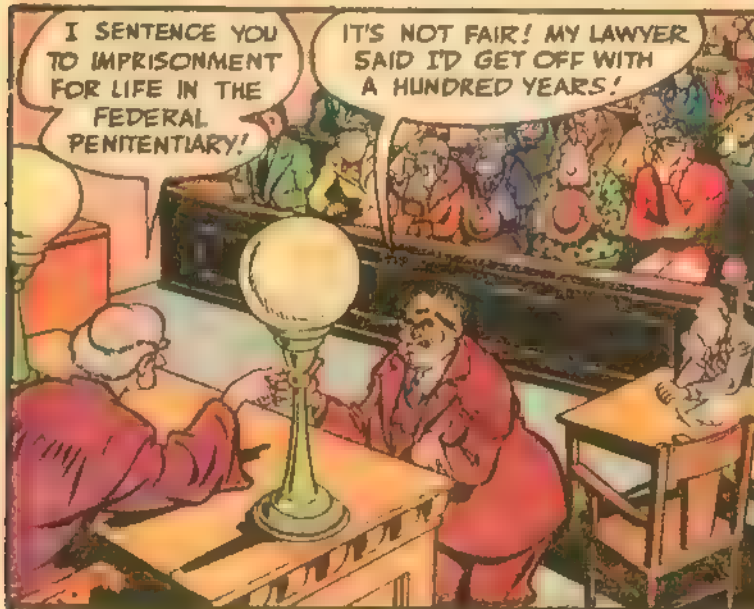
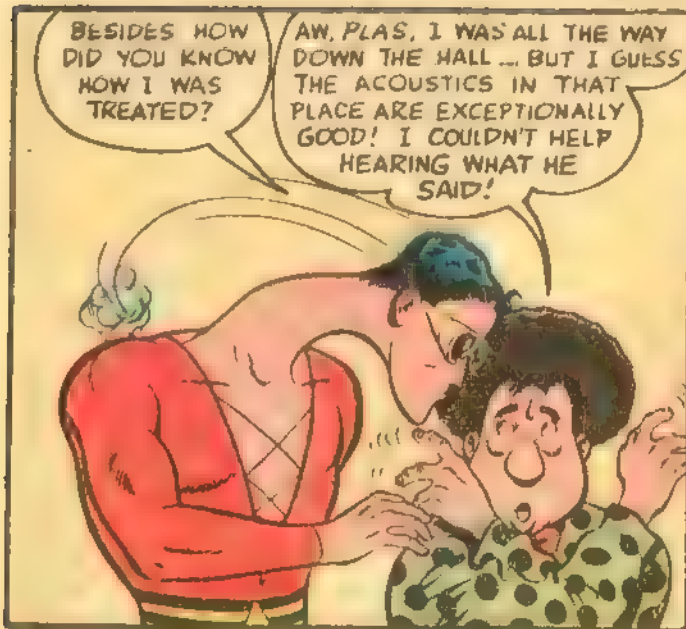
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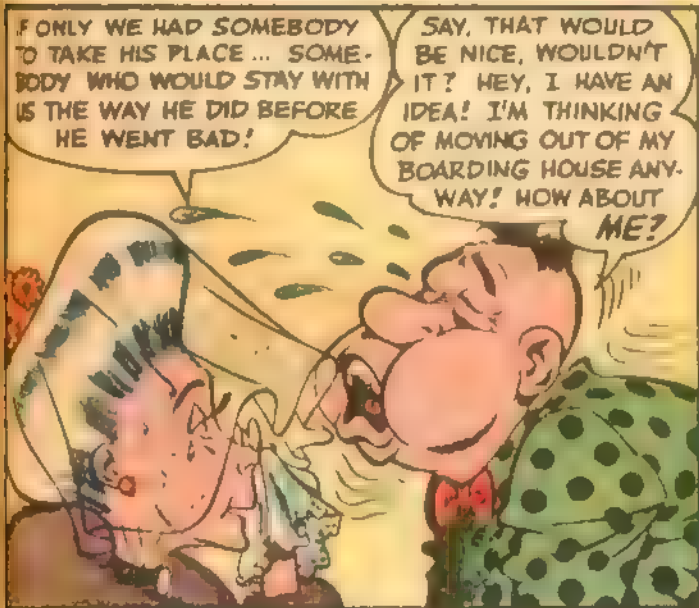
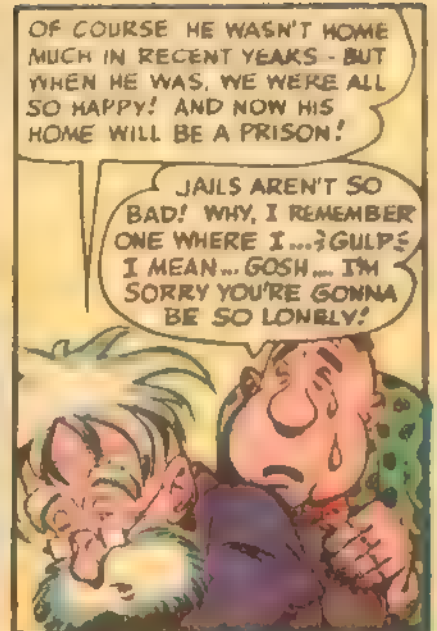
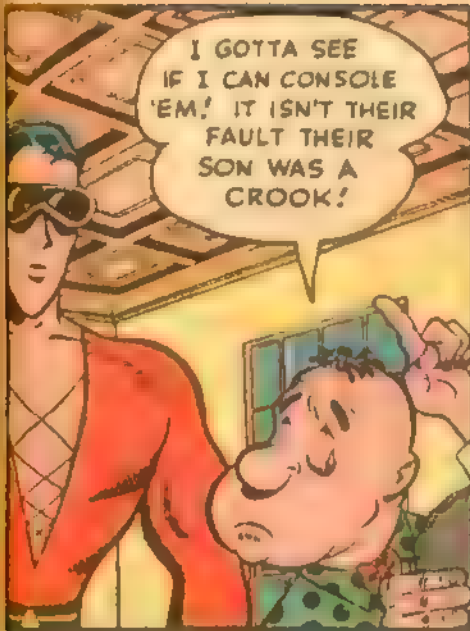
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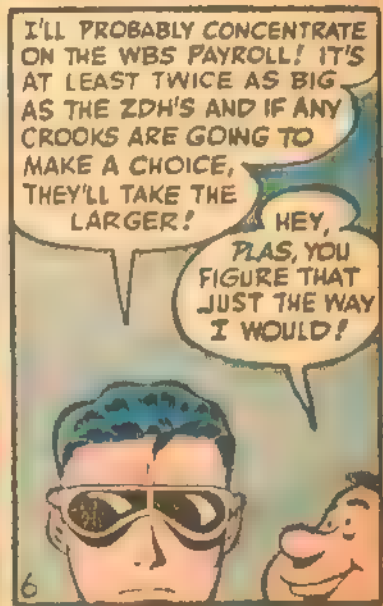
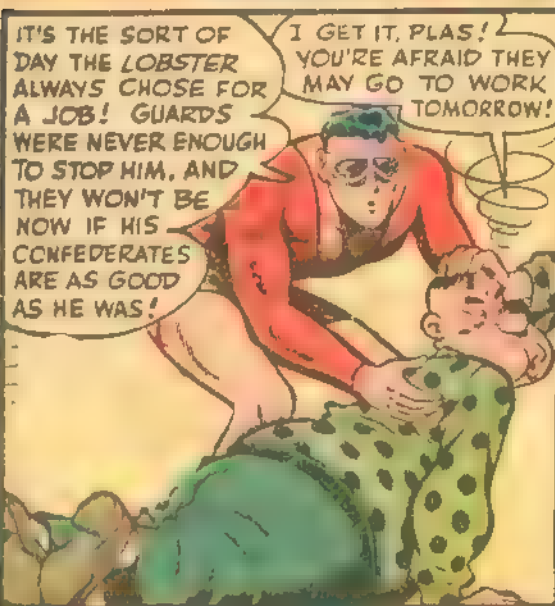
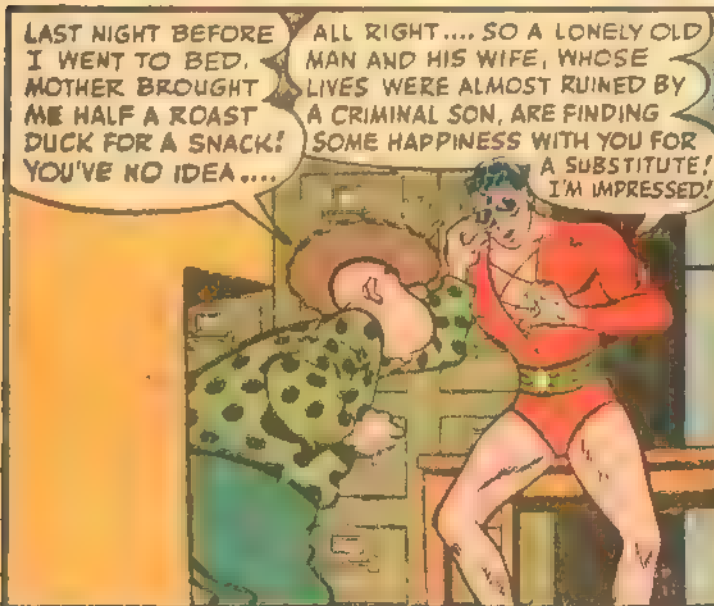
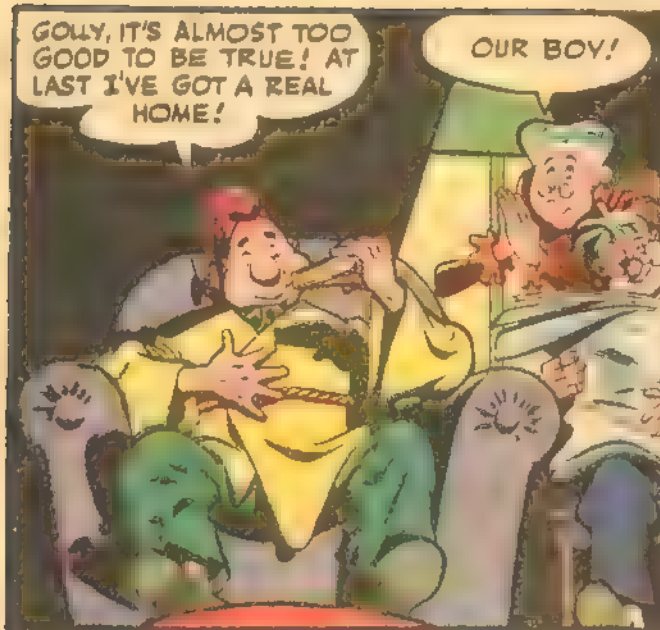
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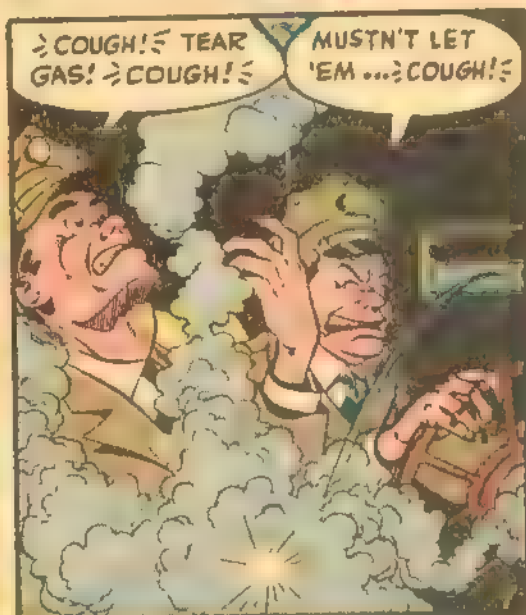
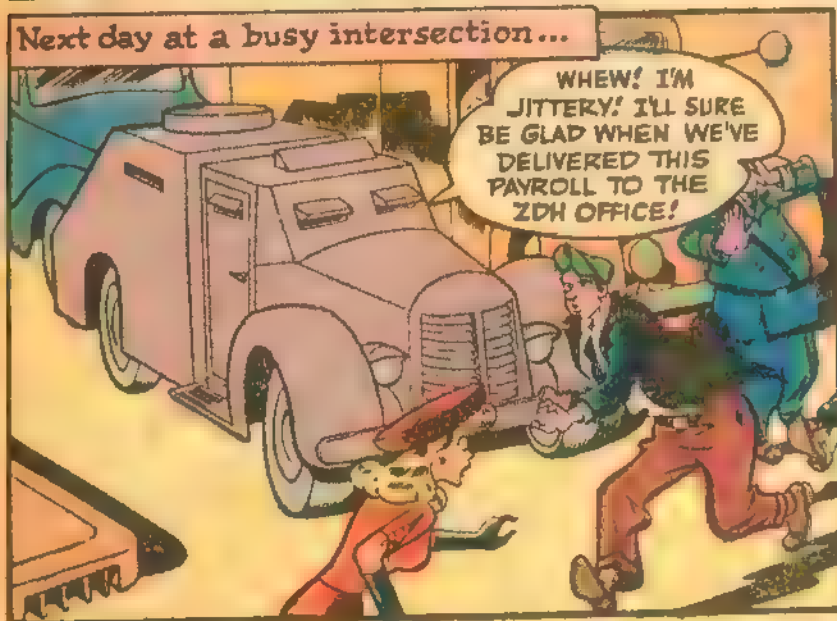
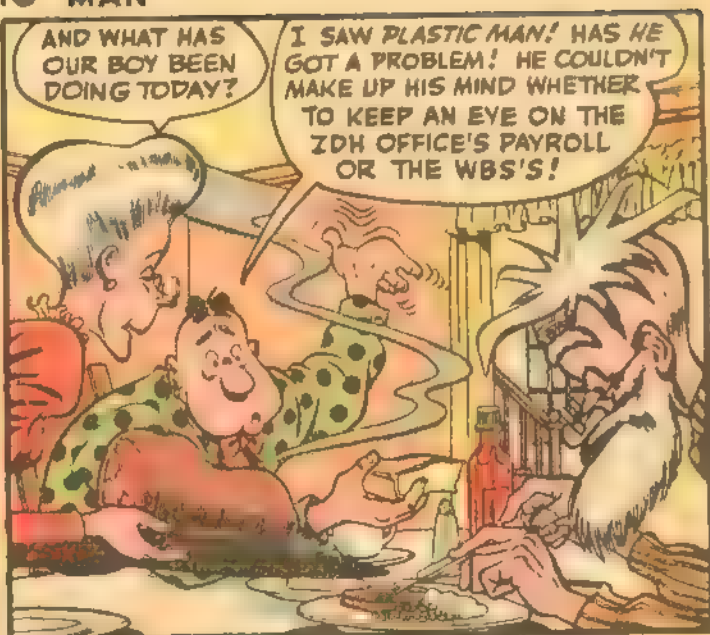
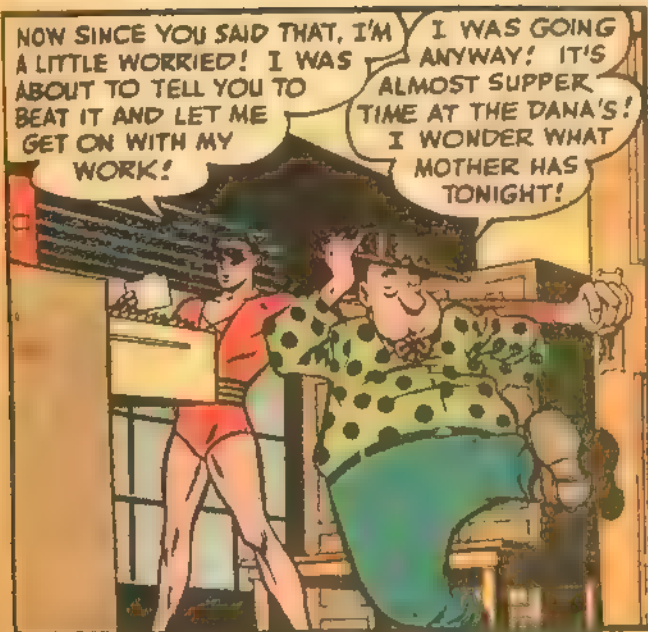
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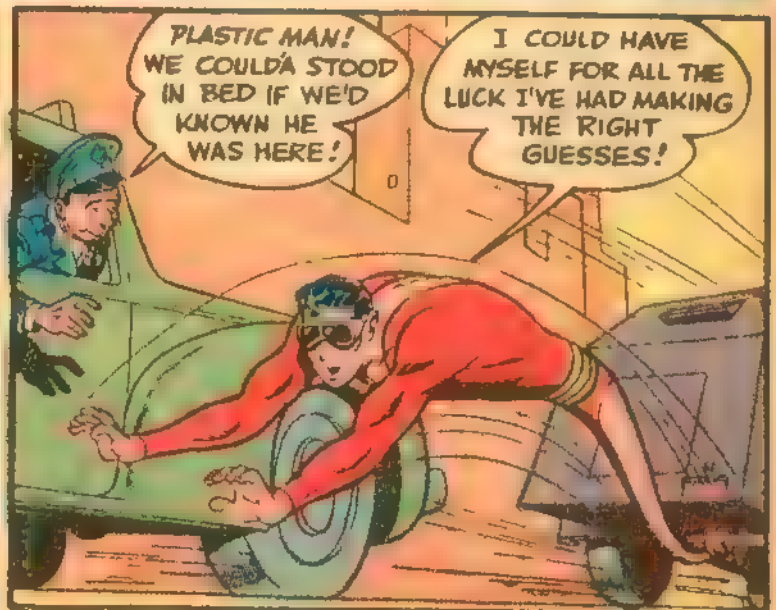
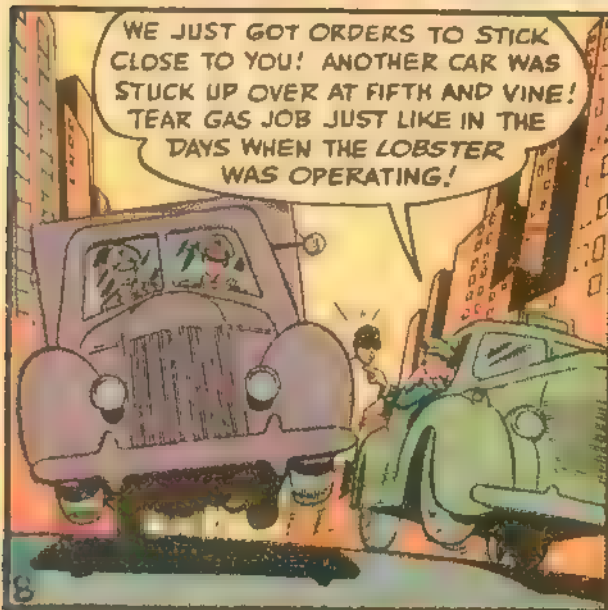
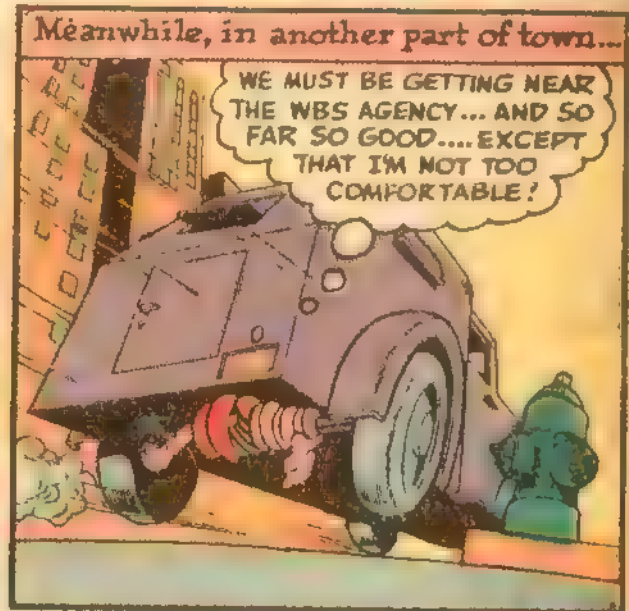
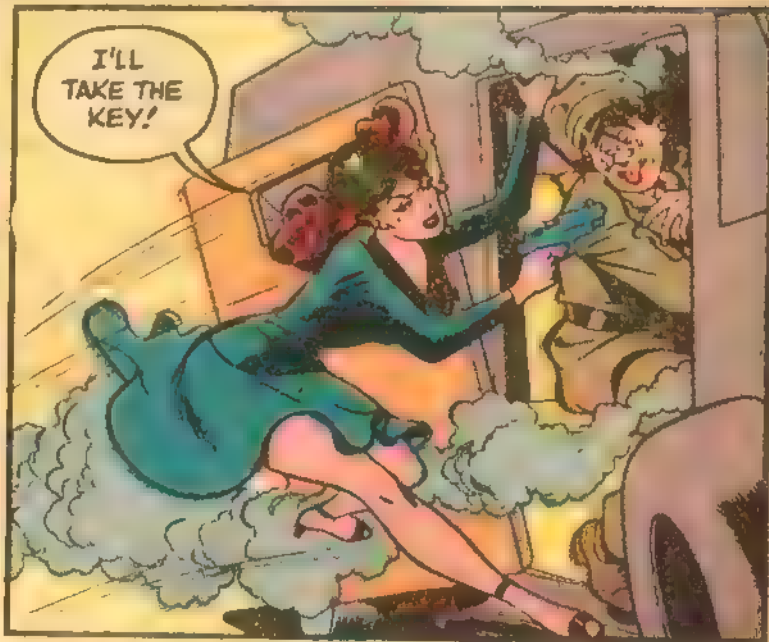
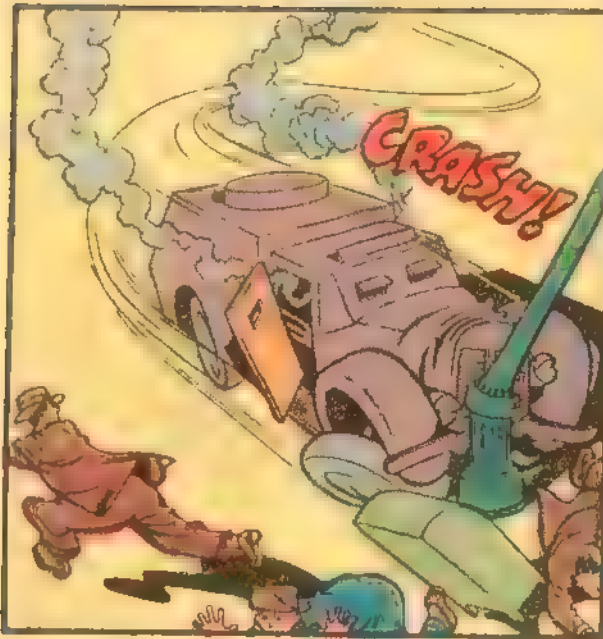
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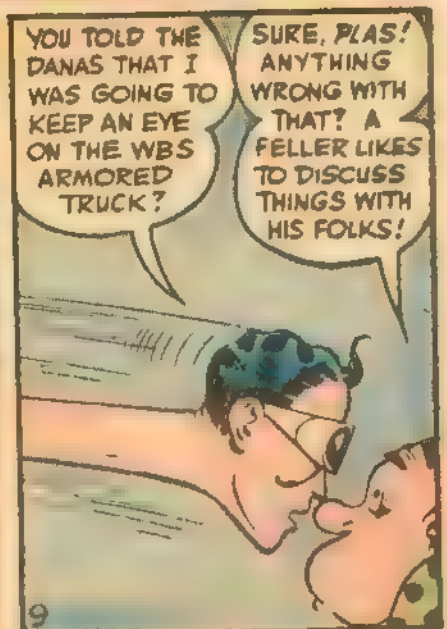
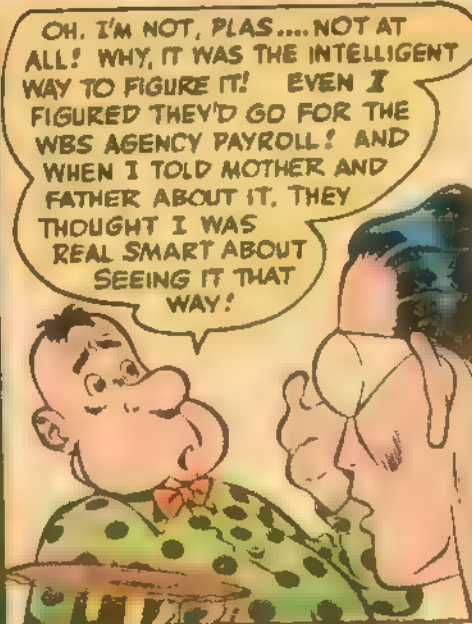
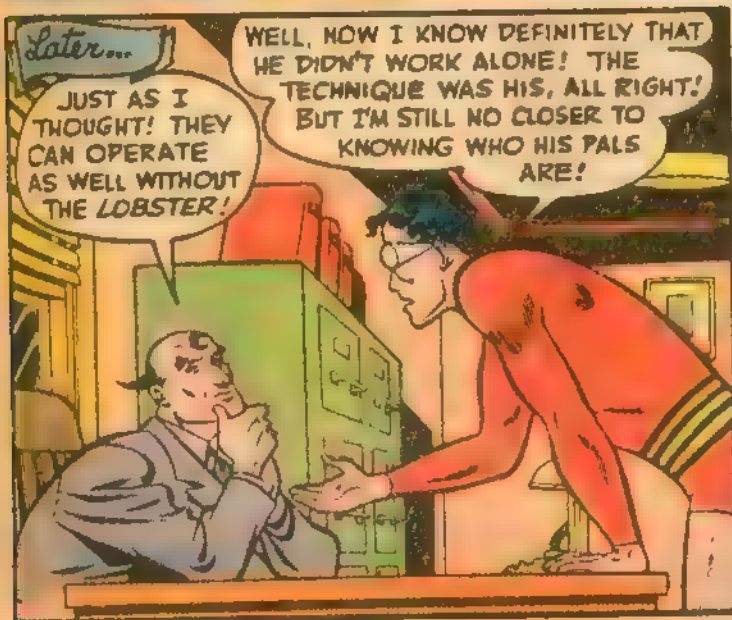
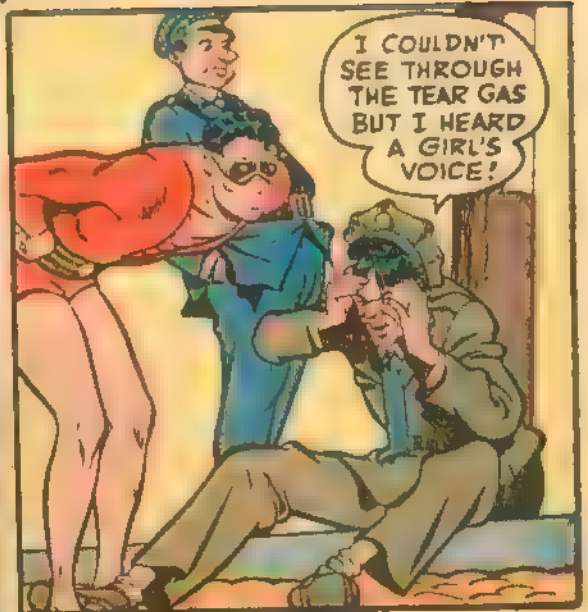
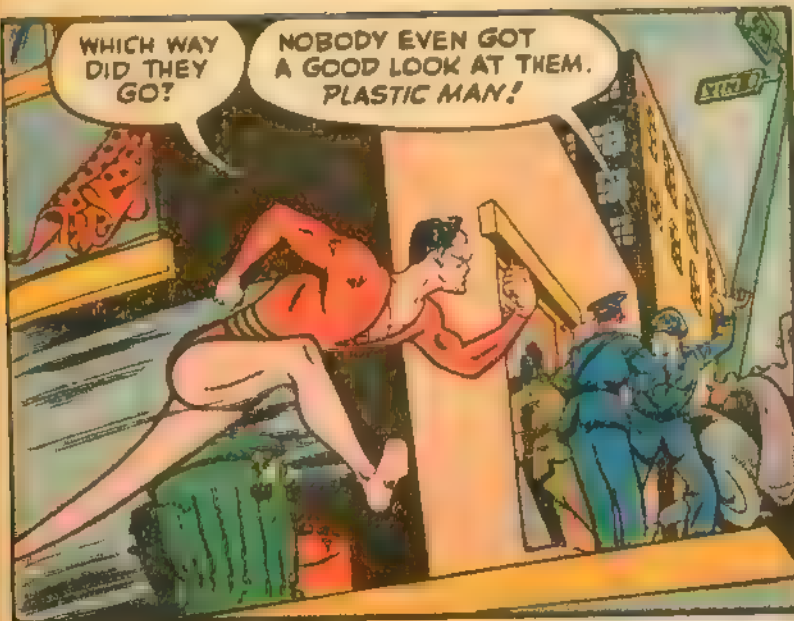


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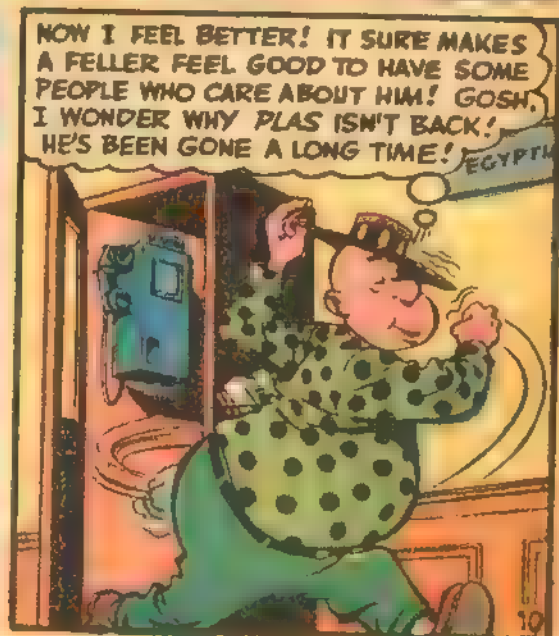
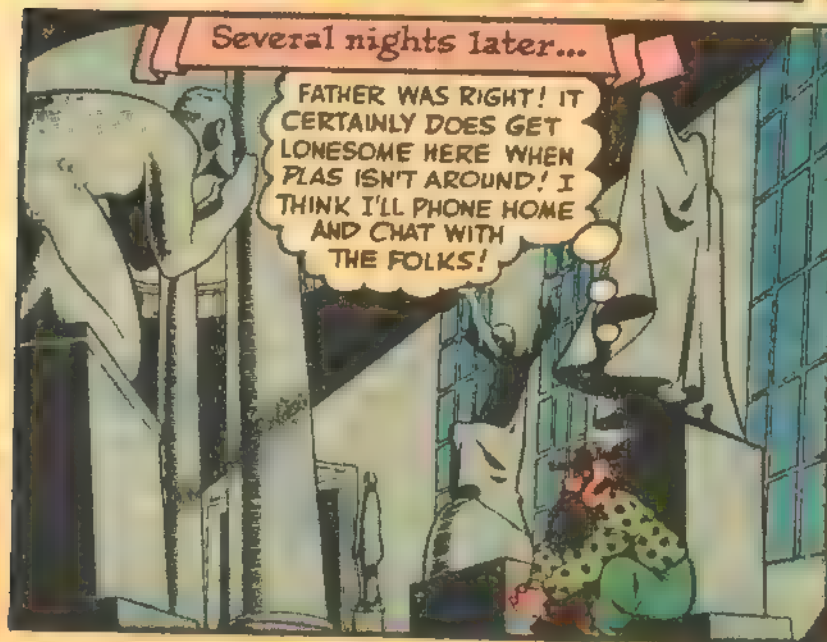
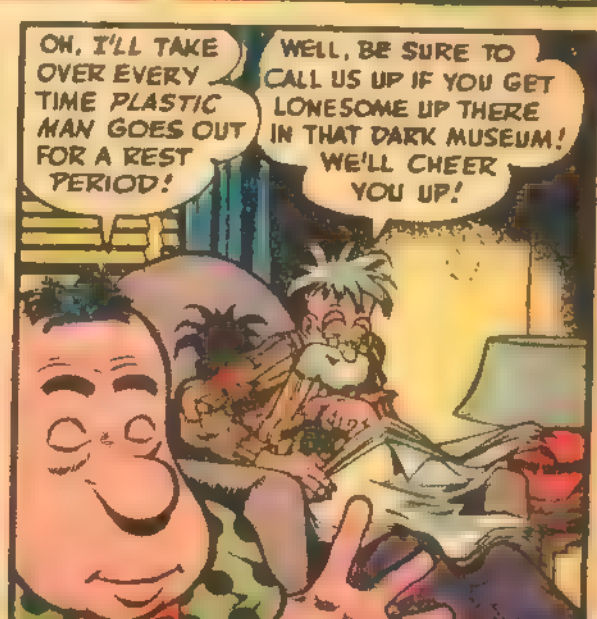
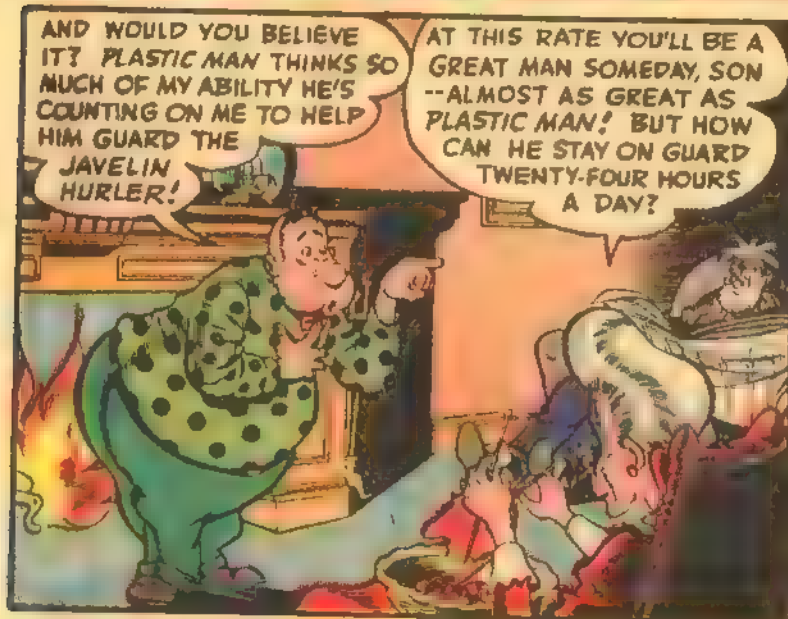
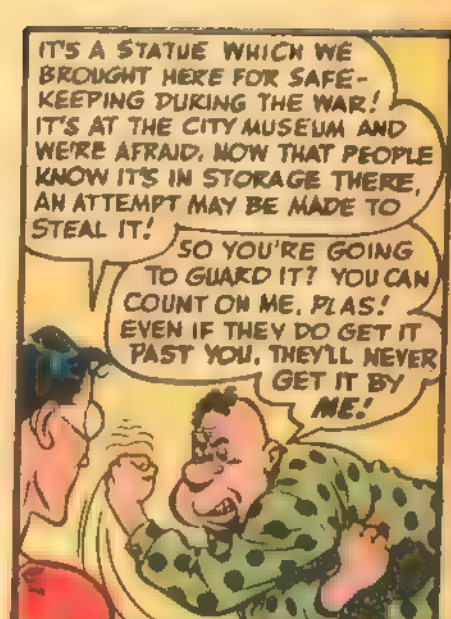
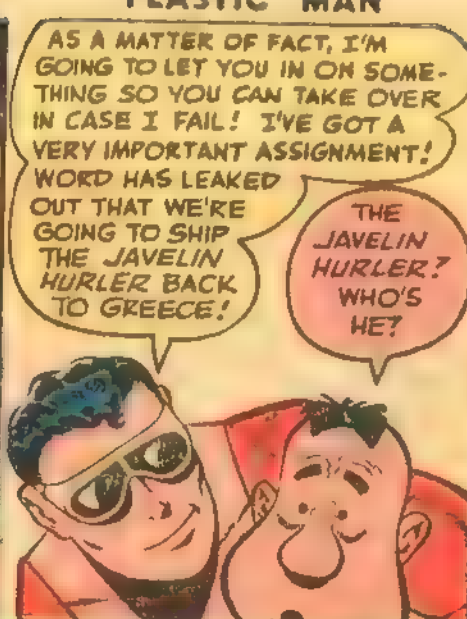
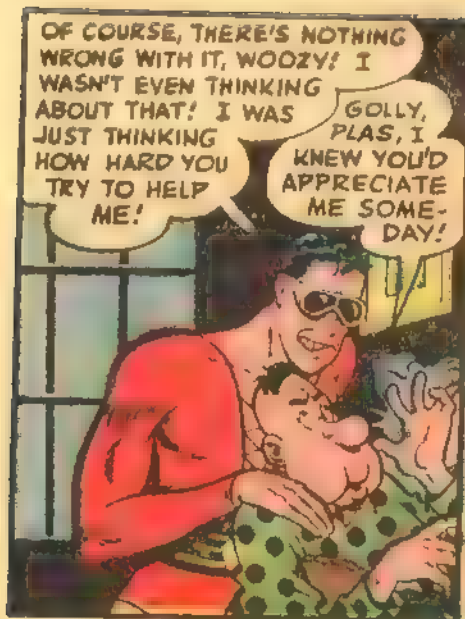


I COULD HAVE MYSELF FOR ALL THE LUCK I'VE HAD MAKING THE RIGHT GUESSES!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

Time passes slowly... and then...

HELLO! WE WERE SO INTERESTED IN ALL THE PAINTINGS AND STATUES THAT WE STAYED UNTIL AFTER CLOSING AND GOT LOCKED IN!

YOU DID? WELL, THAT SURE WAS A JOKE ON YOU! HO! HO!

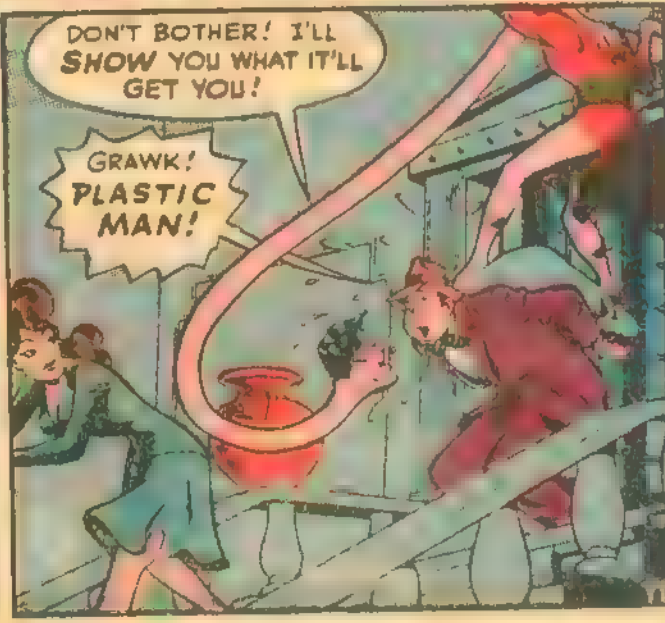
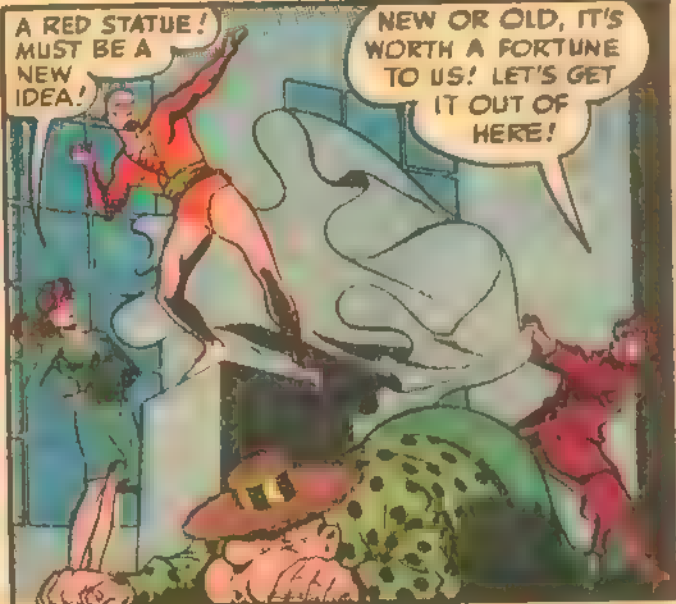
LONG AS WE'RE HERE, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE EVERYTHING! WHAT'S THIS STATUE?

UH-UNH! YOU CAN'T TOUCH THAT! I'M HERE ESPECIALLY TO GUARD THAT PIECE!

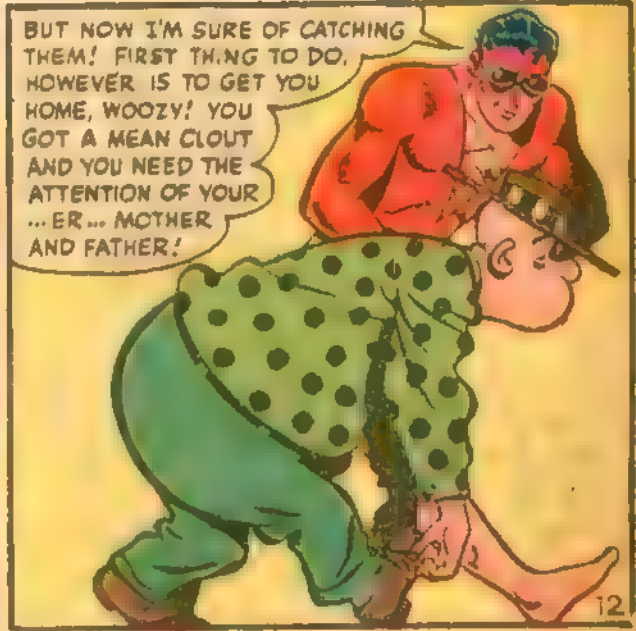
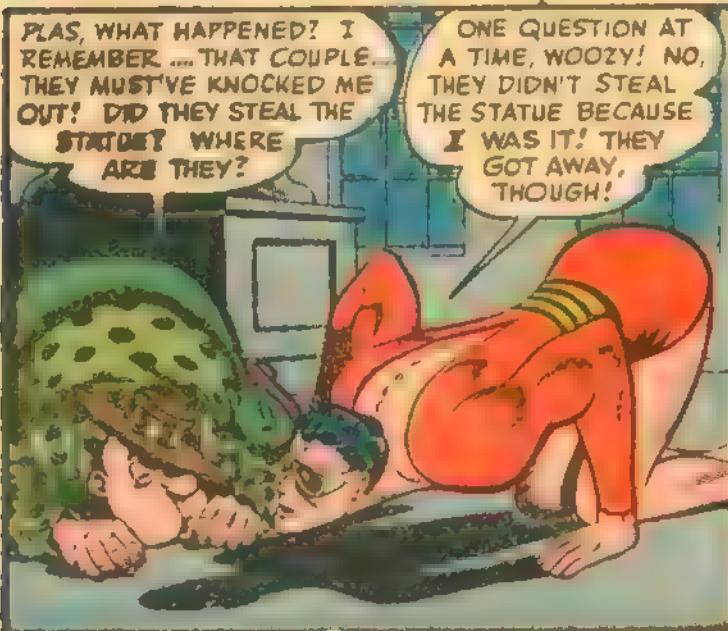
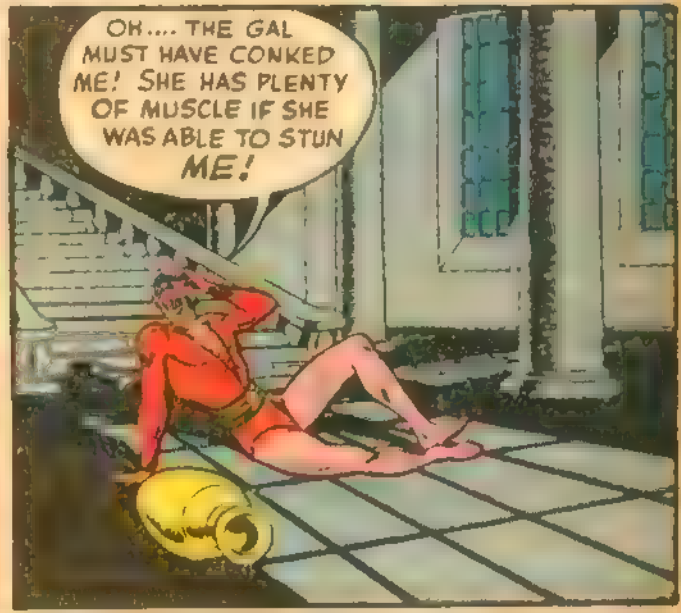
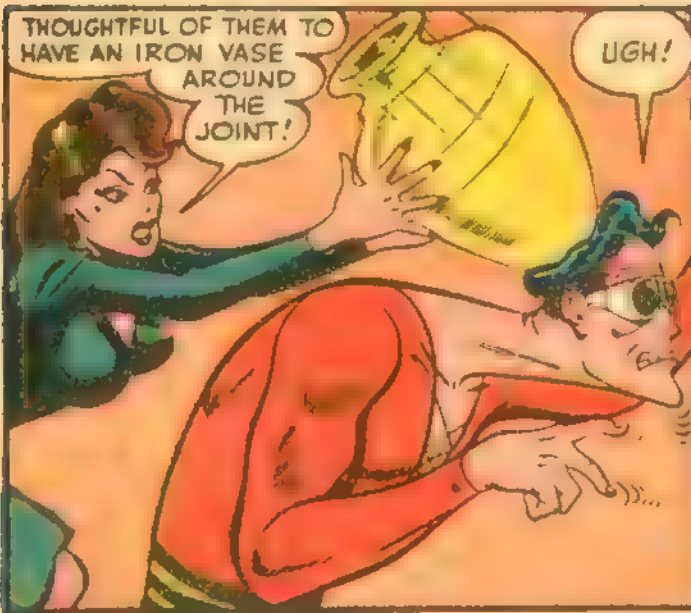
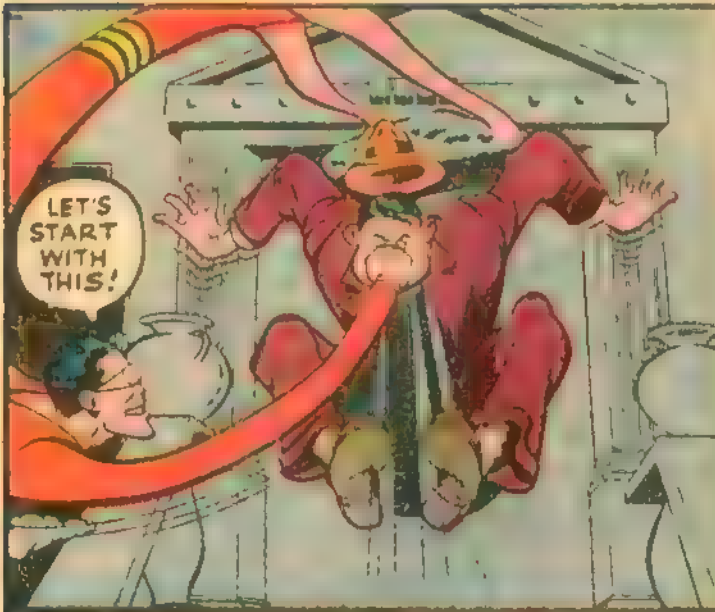


A RED STATUE! MUST BE A NEW IDEA!

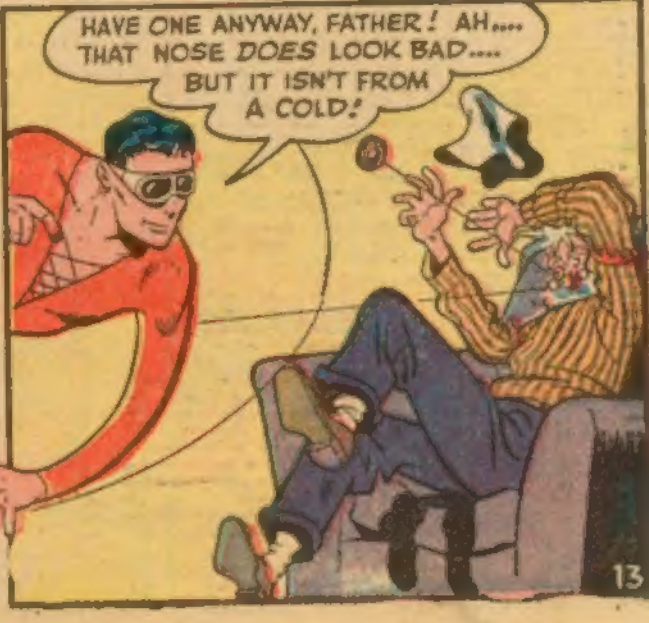
NEW OR OLD, IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE TO US! LET'S GET IT OUT OF HERE!



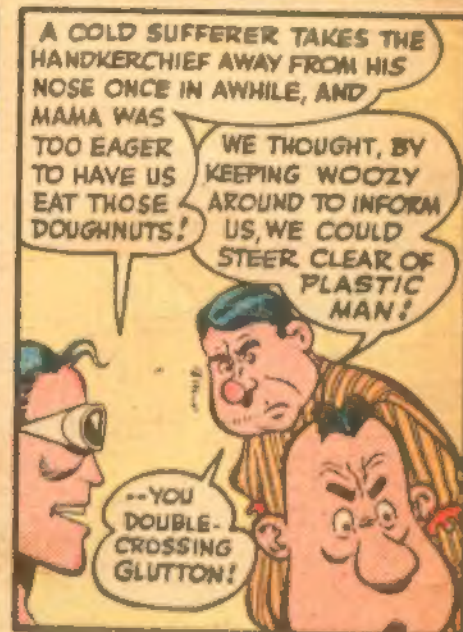
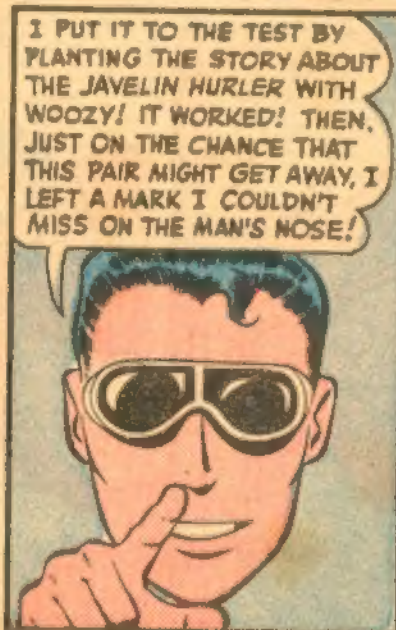
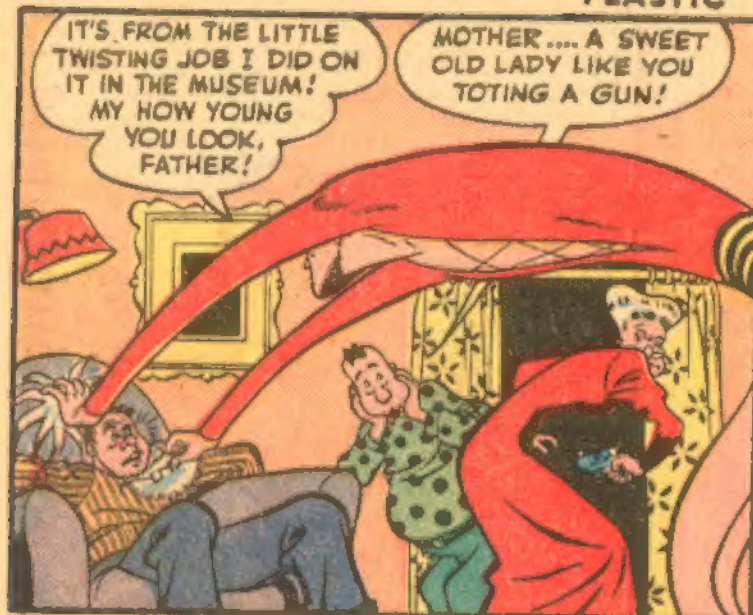
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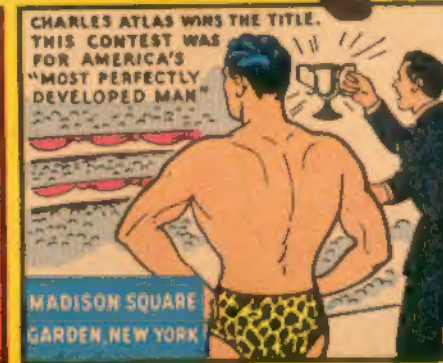
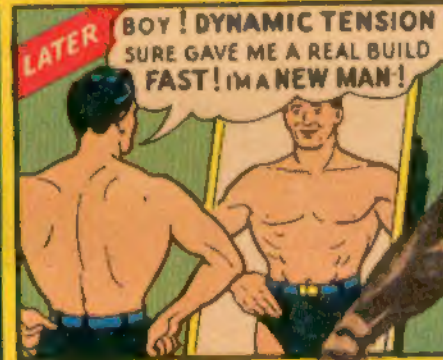
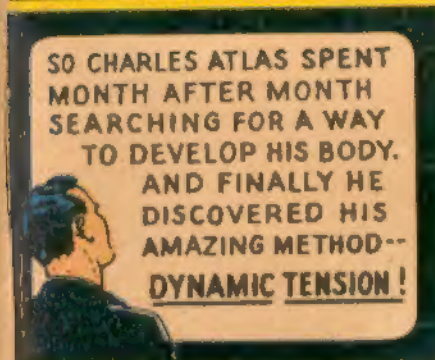
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HOW A 97-Lb. WEAKLING

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The inspiring story of
CHARLES ATLAS



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Batteries are back. Ask for
them at your dealer's.*

That's good news indeed.
Flashlight batteries may
look alike on the *outside*,
but that similarity is only
skin-deep. There are im-
portant differences *inside*
every "Eveready" Battery
— differences that mean
longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer

Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trademark
of National Carbon Company, Inc.



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"